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ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1895.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,
No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Glad to see you, 1895!

* * *

May peace and prosperity attend you! We have been anxiously awaiting your advent, and the inauguration of a much needed era of business activity and reform. The nation merits a good year, after the stagnation in its affairs forced upon it by the nimble experimenters in Congress.

* * *

A tidal wave has passed over those gentlemen who toyed with the tariff as a preliminary to exterminating it. American industries are not to be stamped out of existence, American manufacturers are not to be compelled to retire—American progress is not to be "reversed" and dismissed as something highly improper, simply to gratify the whims of the imitators who hark back to that England which is and long will remain our greatest commercial rival in the markets of the world.

* * *

The "tariff reformers" say that they have not been reformed by the verdict of the country at the recent elections. They will push on their work, regardless of defeat, heedless of the fact that the laboring masses have disowned them. Let them continue to fight against facts. Of them, indeed, it may truly be said that they are confronted by a condition and not a theory. The resumption of briskness in trade, and the check upon the downward movement of wages, are sufficient proofs that they were wrong. I think they will all come straggling into the fold after a period of battling against destiny.

* * *

Coincident with the determination to maintain our material prosperity at the phenomenal level to which it had risen in 1892—before the experimenters had begun to hack and hew—a national tendency to higher ideals in city government is clearly discernible. The country has grown ashamed of municipal scandals, and there was a moment when it was almost panic-stricken at the revelation that cities, small and large, North, South, East and West, were honeycombed with corruption. But a wise and wholesome pride fortunately forbade us to admit that our organization of cities is a failure; and after a little searching, the root of the disease has been laid bare. If the result has been a series of investigations and exposures here in the metropolis, and elsewhere, which has been humiliating and nauseating to the last degree, it has also comforted us with the assurance that the evil is not beyond remedy.

* * *

It is the nation which covers up its sins that is lost. The courage which meets the evil, grapples with it and throttles it is manifest in a dozen American cities today. It will result in their purification.

A city is a co-operative undertaking, on a large scale, for the general good. Politics has no more place in the management of such an enterprise than it has in a scientific society. The theory of spoils—the hideous notion that it is not unlawful to plunder the public—the feeling that the possession and maintenance of municipal office may be perpetrated by trickery and jobbery—the belief that there is nothing criminal in the conspiracy known as "Ring" government—have flourished too long in many of our great centres. New York is not the only sinner that has been, or that should be called to the bar of Reform by an indignant majority of dwellers in cities.

* * *

But the great and prolonged investigation in this city has set other cities, all the way from Boston to New Orleans, at work to discover the exact condition of their governing machinery. Here and there convictions and sharp sentences have resulted; and "Ring" politicians who fall to sinning again in towns where salutary exposures have come and punishments have been inflicted will be bold indeed. People having discovered that popular government must of necessity be a failure as well as a misnomer unless the whole community takes part in it will not readily again allow important interests to fall into unworthy and incompetent hands.

* * *

Of course no revolution can do its perfect work all at once. Nor can it escape a reaction. There may be moments of discouragement in future, here in New York, as well as in other cities where reform has been inaugurated, but they will be followed by fresh effort. The immense and beneficent publicity which brings on these revolutions must be maintained. It is the people's greatest safeguard. Neither national nor local bosses can conspire successfully with the searchlights turned upon them. They love darkness because it means cash to them—cash taken out of your pocket and out of mine.

* * *

It will be a mighty triumph for Democracy if it can control and regulate its cities so that the classes shall be harmonious in all which relates to general administration. That is the one thing which our European critics say that we cannot do. Yet it seems to me that we are coming nearer to it daily.

* * *

We are also rapidly approaching the time when the subject of "Greater New York" must be definitely settled. Everything tends to the accomplishment of Consolidation. Dr. Depew's speech in Brooklyn at the New England dinner, on Friday, December 21, in which he pointed out that "the essence of the marvelous development of the nineteenth century is combination," happily summed up the popular thought on the subject of unifying the cities here by the sea. The people believe with him that the way to the more rapid development of the metropolis lies through annexation and concentration.

* * *

Very striking, too, is the fact that the movement for consolidation has marched abreast, from the outset, with municipal reform. Brooklyn could never have accepted the rather timid first proposal of Father Knickerbocker if she had not first put a host of ringsters and jobbers out of power; and it was while cleaning house before preparing to bring home his bride, that Father Knickerbocker came upon those evidences of corruption which led to the probing that has been so fruitful.

* * *

The sentimental opponents of "annexation," like Dr. Storrs in Brooklyn, are few in number, and doubtless will gradually become reconciled to the inevitable. Dr. Storrs has seen Brooklyn grow from a town of sixty thousand inhabitants to one of a million; and he fears that in consolidation the place would sink its proud identity. But a little reflection might convince him of the contrary. Westminster and Kensington are merged in London, but their names and fames are as bright as ever. Brooklyn will still be Brooklyn generations after the mighty Manhattan has annexed it.

* * *

The national legislators were not sorry to get out of reach, during the holidays, of the financial squabbles amid which Mr. Carlisle's currency bill got wrecked. A new one has been substituted for it, and conferences and consultations over it will continue steadily until the reassembling of the national legislators; and then the storm will recommence. Let them follow the advice of Once a Week and commit the whole matter to a competent commission, with instructions to report after due deliberation. The financial "cranks" in Senate and House will not consent to this if they can avoid it, but they ought to be compelled to do so.

The Japanese are not likely to welcome any proposals for peace from China which exclude a triumphant entry into Pekin. They have already thrown another army into the country. Not even the four hundred million dollars' indemnity, and power to control the Chinese customs until that indemnity is paid, would please them unless accompanied by permission to march through the capital of the "Son of Heaven." Japan is very obstinate, and inclined even to be obstreperous against any attempt of the Western Powers to modify her demands. Meantime, it might not be a bad thing to let the Chinese Emperor see a foreign army under the shadow of his palace walls.

* * *

The Port Arthur massacre is the one blot on the brilliant Japanese campaign. It was doubtless prompted by the horrible barbarity of the Chinese toward Japanese prisoners. But it is none the less a stain. The repentance of the military authorities should be prompt. If Japan wishes to be a Power of the first rank, she must not fall below the level of the higher civilization.

* * *

The Baltimore seems to have been in peril at Port Arthur for a time. She narrowly escaped getting blown up by a Japanese torpedo, the aggressors mistaking her, in the darkness, for a Chinese man-of-war; and the Chinese rained shell around her before she could retire, when they found that the Japanese were in the harbor. But the coolness of the Baltimore's commander saved the ship and avoided complications which might have been very unpleasant.

* * *

The plan for the Paris Exposition of 1900 will be selected in a few days. President Casimir-Perier and an expert jury have dozens of colossal projects before them. Vastness is the chief characteristic of the new scheme. The French propose to outdo every exhibition which has preceded this one that is to celebrate the close of the nineteenth century.

* * *

Greater New York might appropriately plan and announce one for a year in the first decade of the twentieth century. It would be a fitting manner of celebrating the distancing forever of all her rivals on the American Continent. Who will give practical shape to this suggestion offered by Once a Week?

* * *

England is beginning to rebel against the "naughty" society drama and comedy. The Lord Chamberlain has refused to license three new plays which deal with "women with a past." There is a feeling that the social vivisectionists are going too far.

* * *

Lord Randolph Churchill has returned to London from his long journey so ill that his political career is considered as closed. The latest reports indicate that he is afflicted with partial paralysis.

* * *

The excessive use of cigarettes is reported to have been a prime cause of this early decline of a bright leader. To the same excess is attributed the melancholy sudden ending of Robert Louis Stevenson. Here are some capital warnings. Will they be heeded?

* * *

Mr. John Bull announces that he intends to behave well, and not intermeddle with regard to the Nicaraguan affairs. So much the better, John. We give you due credit.

* * *

Paris will have a great road race next year, open to all nations, for vehicles propelled by any mechanical power. The prizes amount to ten thousand dollars. Here is a chance for an ingenious American.

* * *

The harnessing of Niagara Falls, by the way, is nearly complete. Professor Forbes, the English electrician, says that the success of the scheme is assured.

* * *

Mr. Gladstone is to winter in the South of France, and it is rumored that Liberal leaders will hold some important councils at Cannes during the season.

* * *

Think of what the bacteriologists have found—sixteen thousand microbes to the cubic inch in first-class railroad cars in Great Britain! I wonder what they could find in cross-town street cars in New York City.

* * *

Queen Victoria's evesight is rapidly failing, and she is so infirm that she cannot walk more than a few steps without resting.

* * *

The Parliamentary committee of the Trades' Union Congress in England is drafting a new industrial programme. It is said that it exhibits strong leanings toward socialism. The Independent Labor party is even more advanced in Socialist doctrine. Lord Rosebery, unable to reconcile the demands of the two parties, is preparing an industrial platform of his own. The workers will be rather embarrassed by such a rich field to choose from at the approaching elections.

MRS. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR died at Cliveden, the English place which her husband recently bought of the Duke of Westminster, on December 22. She had suffered for several weeks from a complication of maladies—and specially from acute dysentery. The family physician, Dr. Moore, was assisted by Sir William Broadbent and other eminent English physicians. Mrs. Astor was Miss May D. Paul, daughter of James W. Paul, of Philadelphia, and was a niece of Admiral Dahlgren, and of Abbott Lawrence, of Boston.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL and accomplished, Mrs. Astor was a great favorite in West End society in London. For four years the Astors had resided in the English capital, and Mrs. Astor's entertainments at Lansdowne House, and subsequently at Cliveden on the Thames, as well as at her own town house, were magnificent.

* * *

IT is not generally known that one of the chief reasons which led Mr. W. W. Astor to make his home in London was his desire to give personal supervision to the vast real estate interests in the British capital acquired by his father during our Civil War.

* * *

THERE is a rumor that the Powers wish to create an autonomous Armenian State and to put the Duke of Teck in charge of it.

* * *

CEDARCROFT, the historic home of Bayard Taylor, near Kennet Square, Pa., was destroyed by fire December 22.

* * *

"TRILBY" is to be dramatized. Svengali and hypnotics on the stage will doubtless be popular.

* * *

SENATOR TURPIE continues to attack the Nicaraguan Canal project, but he seems to have no following.

* * *

EX-CONGRESSMAN WILSON, of West Virginia, will retire and devote himself to literature. He might write the history of his bill.

* * *

THE Lexow Committee expects to be empowered by the incoming Legislature to sit all next year, and it or a similar committee will probe the Brooklyn departments also.

* * *

THE originator of the "dime novel," Erastus F. Beadle, died at Cooperstown, December 19. Small boys from Maine to Florida mourn him.

* * *

A MAD dog in New Jersey managed to bite fourteen persons, ten dogs and four horses before he was shot. Seven of the human victims have been inoculated at the Pasteur Institute in this city.

* * *

THE court martial of Captain Dreyfus, of the French Army, for treason—the offense consisting in having given to a foreign Power documents concerning the national defense—was held in Paris December 21, and the accused officer was convicted and sentenced to "life imprisonment in a fortified place." Great interest attached to this case, because Germany is supposed by the public to be the foreign Power to which Dreyfus supplied the criminating memoranda, and also because the German Embassy in Paris had issued an explicit and even menacing denial of the charge that the memoranda had been obtained surreptitiously from its office. A diplomatic breach, which would be very dangerous just now, seemed likely.

* * *

CAPTAIN DREYFUS is rich, and could not plead that he was tempted by need of money. From his position of trust in the War Department in Paris he sent out confidential documents to Italy and her robust northern allies. A more flagrant betrayal of country has not been known since Benedict Arnold's time; and it is not strange that the French War Minister has introduced in the Chamber of Deputies a bill providing the death penalty for such military traitors.

* * *

THE case undoubtedly turned on a single document—a letter found at the house of the military attaché of Germany either at Paris or Brussels. This document is said to have been obtained by entering and searching the attaché's apartments, and this was the reason why Germany threatened diplomatic rupture if it was put in evidence. The whole affair is of the nature of those which bring about wars.

* * *

THE Carnegie Company is said to be demanding from Uncle Sam the refunding of the fine imposed for defective plates, an action which will cause the whole matter of the alleged defective inspection to be fully discussed in open court.

* * *

ATLANTA, Georgia's flourishing city, is making long strides just now. In less than a decade its population has doubled and the next ten years will show a far greater increase.

* * *

THE New York Academy of Medicine sets the seal of its approval upon bicycling as a healthy exercise for both men and women.

* * *

THE inquiry in the Senate as to why our ships-of-war have all been withdrawn from Hawaii while England and Japan keep large naval forces there is likely to bring forth much discussion and no little truth.

* * *

THE rival factions have gone to fighting in Samoa again, and all the natives appear to be discontented with Maliatoa, who made the treaty with the three great Powers and signed it for all Samoa as its King.

* * *

IT looks as if Kaiser Wilhelm were preparing to put Count Eulenburg—of whom he is very fond—in the place of Prince Hohenlohe as Chancellor. The Emperor has gone hunting to escape from the turmoil aroused by his new measures against the Socialists. Meantime, the wave of popular discontent with Imperialism is rising.

* * *

GOVERNOR HOGG continues to pursue the Standard Oil magnates, who, he claims, have been guilty of conspiracy, and has succeeded in getting the Governor of Florida to accord the extradition of Henry M. Flagler. But Mr. Flagler is not in Florida, and the fiery Governor's demands are not recognized in this State.

* * *

THE army contractors in Paris who were blackmailed by journalists who knew that they had been delivering defective goods to the Minister of War, have been sent to prison for three months. The case of the blackmailers is still under consideration.

* * *

THE Christmas gifts of three Inspectors and nine Captains of police in this city were subpœnas to appear before the Lexow Committee.

* * *

THE Pope recently gave a cordial reception to the officers of the United States cruiser Detroit, on which the Vatican relics exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair were returned.

* * *

VISITORS to New York City certainly cannot complain of inferior operatic performances. No European capital could have presented a better cast than that of

the singers in the "Huguenots," at the Metropolitan on Wednesday evening, December 26, and only two cities in Europe could have assembled so good a one.

* * *

WHAT! An electrical equipment for the whole elevated system of New York City? The news is too good to be true.

* * *

M. PASTEUR celebrated his seventy-second birthday not long ago. The great French savant received congratulations from all parts of the world on the occasion.

* * *

A COMMISSION in Paris is shortly to decide whether or not work on the Panama Canal shall be continued.

* * *

THE largest British battle ship afloat is the Magnificent, fifteen thousand tons, launched the other day in presence of Lord Rosebery.

* * *

THE "Saturdays" at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre in Paris, the Renaissance, are now recognized rendezvous for the best Parisian society.

* * *

EX-POLICE CAPTAIN STEPHENSON, of this city, has been sentenced to three years and nine months in Sing Sing Prison, and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, for extorting blackmail. The Lexow Investigation Committee has been climbing "up higher," according to the popular request, among the Inspectors, and important revelations are now expected. It is reported that the Legislature will empower a new committee to continue the probing of New York's departments during another year.

* * *

THE new Legislature of this State has many important tasks before it, but none more important than the rearrangement of the charters of all the cities in the State to make them conform to the new constitution. When this is done, a long step will have been taken toward municipal reform.

* * *

THE last of the Kings of Naples, Francis II., whom Garibaldi drove out of the provinces which the Bourbons had oppressed, is dying in an obscure Italian town.

THE famous Cliff House, near San Francisco, has been burned, and Adolph Sutro contemplates erecting a one million-dollar hotel upon its site.

* * *

WHEN shall we begin navigating the air? The aeroplane, with which Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, is said to take successful short trips through the ether, seems to indicate the possibility of an aerial train some day from New York to London. It will be a great triumph for American enterprise if it is first to learn the secret of skimming the air, as it was first to flash the news through the depths of the sea.

* * *

SEELY, the sinning cashier of the Shoe and Leather Bank of this city, has been sentenced to eight years in the Kings County Penitentiary. The National Bank of Commerce—another important metropolitan institution—has just been robbed of thirty thousand dollars by a trusted clerk.

* * *

THE English press is magnifying the recent conflict between whites and blacks in Georgia into a "race war," of which, most of us are pleased to think, there is no danger. It is none the less evident that if lynchings of negroes, whether they are innocent or culpable, were to go on much longer, the South would see not one, but a great many, instances of colored men banded together for vengeance.

* * *

EACH State is powerful enough to protect itself from a "war of colors." If it could do so in the troublous times immediately succeeding reconstruction, it certainly can now. A few isolated cases of collision may teach both parties the force of the grim saying that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

* * *

THE London *Chronicle* suggests that "general disarmament" would be the solution of this difficulty in the South. Evidently the British editor has forgotten about the American "bill of rights."

* * *

THE Irish party in the British Parliament has served notice upon the Liberal leaders that unless the principle of Home Rule for Ireland is strongly affirmed in the Queen's speech when Parliament reassembles, it cannot be relied upon to support the Liberal party. This declaration is prompted by the fear that an agreement is to be made between Liberal and Conservative leaders for a definite settlement of the Irish question on the basis of according to Ireland some sort of local government, without embodying independent Home Rule in the scheme.

* * *

THE newly awakened distrust with regard to the Ministry's Home Rule policy, and the distress among the peasantry caused by the partial failure of the potato crop has resulted in renewed activity of the Fenians. Dublin Castle is alarmed, and is putting in force all the old precautions.

* * *

KAISER WILHELM has paused long enough in his battle with the German Social-Democrats to send a contribution of five hundred dollars to the committee which is raising a fund for preserving Carlyle's old home in Chelsea, London. But he did not forget to say that he contributed it to the historian of "my ancestor."

* * *

OF course it would not suit the purpose of the Turk to let an American Consul make an independent inquiry into the Armenian massacres, and the "Unspeakable" declines to allow Mr. Jewett to proceed to the scene of the recent carnage which occurred in his Consular district.

* * *

M. BRISSON'S election to the presidency of the French Chamber of Deputies marks the growth of the Radical Republicans in power. It indicates a more daring policy abroad and a less conservative one in home politics.

* * *

WAR has been declared on the income tax by John G. Moore, a New York broker, who has brought suit to restrain collection of it on the ground that it is unconstitutional. His case might have been stronger if he had waited until the income tax law had been put into operation.

* * *

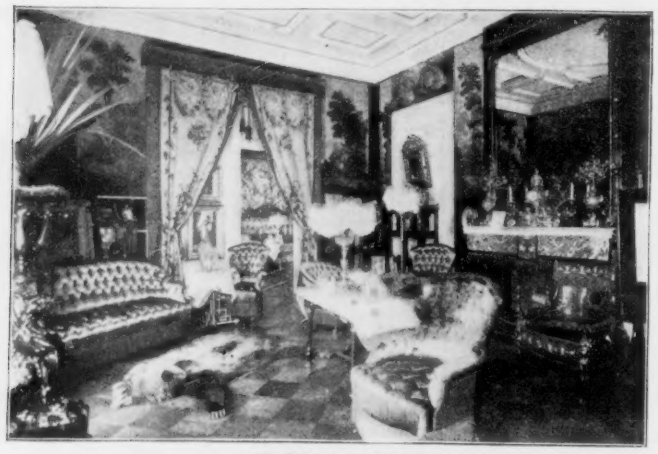
A NEW Russian Constitution has been drafted by the People's Rights" party in Russia. It provides for an Imperial Parliament and a Diet for each province, and for universal suffrage. The Czar is to remain supreme head of the State. Will he adopt this measure, or will he scorn it?

* * *

DR. ROUX, the eminent young French physician who conducted the experiments in Paris with the anti-toxine against diphtheria, announces that the mortality from the dread disease in that city is no longer more than fourteen per cent. Before the discovery it was fully fifty per cent.

THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

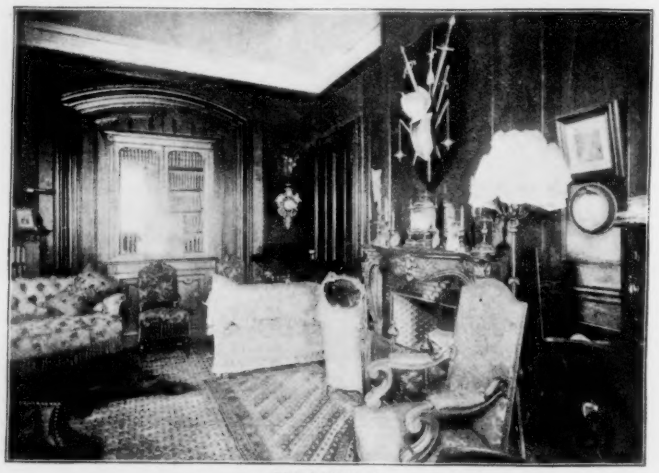
THE ENTRANCE HALL.



THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

THE BILLIARD ROOM.



THE LIBRARY.

MR. ASTOR'S BEDROOM.

MRS. ASTOR'S BEDROOM.

FERNECLIFFE, (RHINEBECK, N. Y.) THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

(See page 14.)

"PEG THE RAKE."

THE novels of the charming writer of fiction known as "Rita" enjoy a wide popularity in England, but are scarcely as well known in America as they deserve to be. It will therefore be an agreeable surprise to readers of ONCE A WEEK to make the acquaintance of "Rita" through the medium of her latest and best novel, "Peg the Rake," which will shortly be published in the Library series. There is a charm about this book which will set it quite apart in the reader's mind from the ordinary run of novels. The character of Peg the Rake is a distinctly new, and, in spite of numerous faults, an eminently lovable one. It was a daring conception to deliberately choose a heroine of forty whose beauty was admittedly on the wane, and weave a romance round the last years of her strange wayward existence. But the experiment is more than justified by the success that has crowned it. A piquant interest lurks in every page. The vivid personality of the heroine, the handsome, daring, witty woman with the mysterious past, is full of fascination. One sympathizes deeply with her sorrows and humiliations so bravely and proudly met, and her future becomes a matter of as intense anxiety to the reader as it could possibly be to herself.

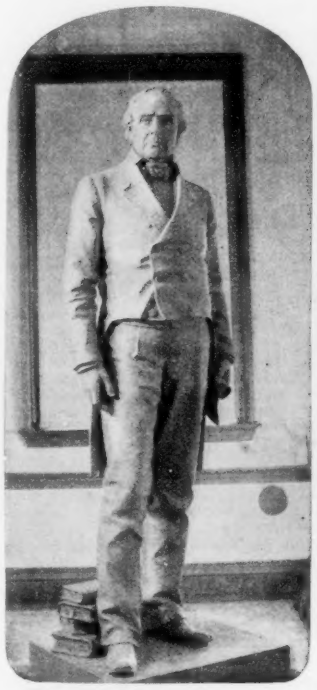
The *entourage* of "Peg the Rake" is cleverly and amusingly described. Different phases of the complex Irish character are rendered with a fine appreciation of its subtle lights and shades, implying rare powers of observation and insight on the part of the author. But though the book fairly sparkles with humor and brilliancy, it excels in pathos. It is essentially a human document, and as such alternates from grave to gay, from tears to laughter with the same startling suddenness that makes up the incongruity of real life. If the sadness preponderates, who shall say the proportions lack verisimilitude? "Peg the Rake" is warmly commended to the perusal of subscribers to the Library. There can be no doubt of the favorable reception it will meet at their hands.

GOVERNOR LEVI P. MORTON, THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

THE INVASION OF CHINA.

OUR illustrations this week give an excellent view of Pekin, the Chinese capital, into which it is believed that the Japanese will insist upon entering in triumph before they agree upon a complete cessation of hostilities; and they show several phases of the now historic attack upon Port Arthur.

The retreat of the Chinese was accompanied by many picturesque episodes, admirably delineated by our artist. The naval reconnaissances in front of Port Arthur by the Japanese before the attack; the Taku forts; a review of a Chinese garrison, and street scenes in Tientsin, the port of Pekin, are the other subjects treated. Excellent portraits of Mr. Frederick Villiers, the famous English war correspondent, and Major Von Hanneken, who has charge of the Pekin fortifications, complete the list.—(See pages 8 and 9.)



DANIEL WEBSTER.

BRITISH officers are said to be desirous of taking service in the armies of the Queen of Madagascar. This might cause a little hesitation in the projected participation of France in an Anglo-Russian combination.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S GIFT TO THE NATION.

STATUARY HALL, in the National Capitol, was enriched on December 20 by New Hampshire's presentation of statues of Daniel Webster, the great statesman, and General Stark, the Revolutionary hero. Senator William Eaton Chandler and Congressman Henry W. Blair were the chief sponsors of the occasion. Statuary Hall contains some of the best productions of American sculptuary genius, and statues of most of the nation's pre-eminently great men have found a fitting sanctuary there. The last acquisitions are reproduced for ONCE A WEEK readers in the accompanying illustrations.

THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

THE COMING CONGRESSMEN.

WITH this issue of ONCE A WEEK we present six portraits of leading Congressmen who will sit in the Fifty-fourth Congress, to assemble in December next. Representatives Baker, of New Hampshire, and Curtis, of Kansas, are re-elected from the Fifty-third Congress; and Representative Huff, of Pennsylvania, has served in previous years. The others are new in the arena of national politics. All are men of ability and prominence in the States from which they come.—(See page 13.)

MRS. LEE C. HARBY read an interesting paper on "The Tejas: Their Habits, Government and Superstitions," at the Thursday morning session of the Tenth Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association, held in Washington on December 26, 27 and 28. Of the twenty-seven papers read Mrs. Harby's was the only one contributed by a woman.

TAME deer harrying—misnamed hunting—is again in full swing in the Royal parks of England, although the Queen was said to have promised that it should be abolished.

MR. JOHN BURNS does not appear to be receiving unqualified support for his socialistic doctrines from the English working classes. The great boilermakers' union has just withdrawn from the Trade Union Congress because it disapproves of the confiscation resolution warmly advocated by Mr. Burns and passed at the Norwich meeting.

"GENERAL" COXEY says that he intends to run for President. He will have to run, if he tries to march any more armies of tramps through the country.

CALIFORNIA wine is now shipped in immense quantities to Central and South America. It is put up in forty-two-gallon packages, to be strapped to mules for transit over the mountains.

THE measures for reorganizing the system of police judicature and the Court of Special Sessions in this city are now ready for presentation to the Legislature. They are very sweeping, and would remove most of the police justices now in office, substituting lawyers of talent and distinction for them.

CHAIRMAN SPRINGER, of the Banking and Currency Committee of the National House of Representatives, is spoken of for a judgeship in the United States Court of Claims. Which reminds one of his colleagues of the "coon dog" sold to a man as good, but proven worthless by the buyer. "You surprise me," said the seller: "I've tried that dog on everything but coons, and found him of no account. I supposed that he must be good for something and thought probably it must be for coons."

COTTON and wheat growers are beginning to understand now that the purchasing power of a nation cannot be diminished as that of the United States has been since 1892 without seriously affecting their interests. Cheap flour and cotton with the supply outrunning the demand are by no means unmixed blessings. When all classes are fully employed at good wages—when no industries are languishing—the cotton and wheat men never have cause for complaint.

O'ER woman's fashions oft he grieves,
Last night they put him in a rage.
He sat behind two new full sleeves
And couldn't see the stage.

GENERAL STARK.

WITH A BOOK.

Thou fain would know the story of my life?
Nay, then you shall divine it from my song—
The weariness of ever baffled strife;
The Joy that fled, the Grief that lingers long;

The barren shore, laved by the bitter tide;
The vanity of all beneath the sun;
The longing, the Fate's mockery decried;
The triumph unachieved; the goal unwon;

The fleeting moments, vague and sweet and dear,
As violets upon a grave that grow:
Is not the whole vain story written here?
Then turn these leaves, and you my soul shall know.

—Louise Chandler Moulton

"CHINESE" WARD

THE swift progress of the Japanese arms, as if it were the rush of the swordfish perforating a whale, suggests to many a presumptive doubt of the native capacity of the Chinaman as a fighting animal. Yet examples not quite buried out of sight in recent Chinese history would tend to ascribe the current luck of the Celestial by field and flood to other causes than the sheep like temperament. Li Hung Chang, the viceroy of Chihli, has been the one intelligent force in Chinese administration—Atlas bowed under the weight of a world, sweating and intriguing against enormous odds for the last thirty years to make his country strong for war. The Mikado, on the other hand, has had the *vis-a-tergo* of a nation of zealots, has been indeed but the crest crowning the wave.

Associated with the days which witnessed the rise of Viceroy Li's star above the stagnant level of officialdom, the achievement of an extraordinary American proves that the man of China can fight like a gamecock. His passive hardihood, that courage which faces the blade of the headsman, needs no proof. Frederick Townsend Ward, a native of Salem, Mass., and sailorman bred, raised, disciplined and hardened into a splendid battle tool that corps of fighting men Imperially christened "The Ever Victorious Army," with which "Chinese" Gordon fought the Taeping war to a finish after a Taeping bullet laid his valiant predecessor low. Li's larger vision of Imperial policy probably owes its inception to Ward's work on the battlefield. No more gallant campaigning was ever done than that of the peace-loving Chinese, fired to lion courage by trust in a valiant and skillful leader. The episode of "Chinese" Ward is almost as romantic as the career of a John Hawkwood, a Walter de Montreal, or any other Free-Companion of the Middle Ages. It will very well bear retelling at this time, when the object lesson he taught has such a pregnant meaning.

Ward's youth knew adventure by sea and land, for he was full of the old Viking spirit. He had climbed the quarter-deck before he had hair on his chin; and in the intervals of seagoing during the fifties he filibustered under Walker in Nicaragua and under Juarez in Mexico. The summer of 1859 saw Ward stranded in Shanghai, China, without a cent in his pocket. The big Empire was in a state of disintegration. A great rebellion had raged for twenty years and nearly paralyzed the nation. Nanking, the second capital, was the seat of Taeping rule, and the Tien-wang, or Heavenly King, maintained a pomp equal to that of the Mantchu Emperor at Pekin. Rebel armies levied tribute on the richest provinces of China, and sometimes even clashed their cymbals and tomtoms at the gates of the treaty ports. The foreign powers, as long as their commerce was left undisturbed, stood neutral. It was left for an insignificant Yankee to take a hand in this mighty game and utterly revolutionize the *status quo*.

Ward made the acquaintance of a speculative Chinese merchant of Shanghai, who was willing to invest in an experiment. Tah-ke was to furnish the arms and equipment, Ward to raise and lead the men in this operation on joint account, in which the Governor of Shanghai speedily became a third partner. At the outset, it must be understood, the Imperial Government had nothing to do with Ward's employment. The division of profit was on this basis: It was agreed that Ward should have seventy-five thousand dollars in cold cash for every city of importance captured by his little army, and the first day's looting for himself and his men; the more systematic plundering of the city should revert to the other partners of the syndicate, and then the stronghold, plucked like a trussed fowl, was to be handed over to the Imperialists to garrison, if they thought worth while. One may be inclined to look askant at such a cold-blooded business arrangement, which savors of the methods of the highwayman. But it was necessary that this stranger at a day when, far more than now, the stranger was the enemy in the Middle Kingdom, should find the *pou sto* from which to force Imperial recognition. This could only be done by patterning after the example of the mediaeval *condottieri*. Once the American had made up his mind to this, there was no hanging fire over it.

He had recruited a thousand men, mostly the offscourings of a seaport, and sub-officered by deserters from the British men-of-war in the harbor. After two months of drill he made a night assault on the citadel of Sung-Kiang, about thirty miles from Shanghai, and got a terrible drubbing. A fortnight later he led his motley band of tatterdemalions, supported by a small reserve of Imperial troops, again to the walls of the Taeping stronghold. He got possession of the sally port by stratagem, forced an entrance into the guardhouse, turned the howitzers in battery there on the city, and by a series of bayonet charges swept the garrison before him. Thus he recovered for the Imperialists one of the seven sacred cities of China, where for ages the oldest and most revered shrine of Confucius had drawn an annual concourse of thousands of pilgrims. For awhile Ward's progress was slow after this important capture. The garrisons of the Taeping cities were heavily re-enforced and their commanders alert. Chung-Wang, the ablest of the rebel generals, hunted Ward's little force incessantly and with immensely superior odds of numbers. But the American soldier had all the tricks of a fox and could run as fast. He struck like lightning here and there, made long forced marches, annihilated small detachments, cut off the enemy's supplies, and managed to bag several of the smaller cities in spite of the Chung-Wang's vigilance. All this time he was gradually weeding out the vagabond riff-raff of his corps and supplying its gap with native Chinese recruits. Gallant American and European adventurers rallied to his standard as officers, and what time his men were not fighting he kept them drilling. The Taepings fed them, and cashed their pay-rolls. Chung-Wang, in his rage at being thus baffled, ravaged the country to the very suburbs of Shanghai, and compelled the foreign residents to call on the admiral of the British fleet for a detachment of marines and bluejackets.

After a year of dashing guerrilla work, Ward was invalided with half a dozen unhealed wounds and went to Paris for surgical treatment, but he was back again in China in the spring of 1861. He began at once the recruiting of a larger force than before against the bitter protest of the English and French officials. Though they were intriguing for a recognition of the rebels by their respective Governments in the interests of foreign trade, they had enough influence at Pekin to have Ward posted an outlaw, and a price set on his head by the Tsung li Yamen. Yet in contradiction to this, General Ward, as he had now got to be generally known, had permission from the authorities of the province to recruit a purely Chinese force, and, to evade the Imperial edict against himself as a foreigner, he declared himself a Chinese subject. Able officers of every nationality flocked to him, and he had no difficulty in raising

"CHINESE" WARD.

a corps of three thousand men, many of whom had served before with him. Again he took the field and assailed the Taepings with the old wily tactics. He never hesitated to attack when the enemy were not more than three or four to one, for he had now managed to equip his troops with Enfield rifles. His was the only effective force to check the rebel irruptions.

The ruthless barbarity of Chung-Wang, the rebel generalissimo who, by complicity of the English and French authorities, had been permitted to take possession of Ning-po, the commercial emporium of Che-Kiang, shocked the foreign officials and merchants to a sense of what their blind selfishness had permitted. They now began to see that their trade interests demanded the destruction of the Taepings, root and branch. From this time forward they piped on a different key. An Anglo-French contingent was ordered to take the field, and Ward's corps, by direction of the Tantai of Shanghai, co-operated—indeed took all the brunt of the fighting. The rebels were speedily forced back from the front of Shanghai and Sung-Kiang, and Ward had become a factor of essential importance by admission of the foreign ambassadors and consuls, who had only recently had him branded as outlaw and bandit. Sir James Michel, the British general on the Chinese station, Sir James Hope, the admiral, and Sir Frederick Bruce, the ambassador at Pekin, united in declaring that the quondam Yankee adventurer would seem the *deus ex machina* to solve a very difficult and complicated problem. Bruce even went so far as to recommend to Lord John Russell that Great Britain should unite with China in raising and equipping an army of ten thousand men to fight under Ward's command, so vividly did his courage and resourcefulness impress his critics. What came of it was the authorization of Ward, who had now been Imperially commissioned as "admiral general," to swell the "Ever Victorious Army," whose doings had put new heart into the Pekin authorities, to six thousand men.

To rehearse Ward's operations in detail is not necessary in this paper. He had two flying columns in the field under Colonels Burgevine and Forrester, also Americans, while he himself, at the head of a thousand picked men, operated with a small force of English and French, and a larger contingent of Chinese under an Imperialist general. City after city fell before them, and the Taeping domain was gradually narrowed. He made the city of Sung-Kiang, which was garrisoned by his own troops, the basis of operations. It was the testimony of the English and French officers that General Ward handled his corps with consummate skill, and that under him the Chinese fought with a spirit and steadiness which veteran European regiments could not have surpassed. Nearly every city which was reclaimed was escaladed by a storming party of Ward and his pig-tailed forces. He never carried a sword or a pistol in battle, only a sort of leading staff in his hand, crowned with a piece of unpolished jade. This he had made his men believe was a magic wand, which rendered him invincible, and proof against hostile bullets. The certainty that he was an enchanter also terrified the rebels, and their sharpshooters rammed their guns with silver pieces as the only wherewithal to kill him. It is a singular fact that the slug which mortally wounded him was a button of silver, evidently ripped from a soldier's tunic.

The campaign of the summer of 1862, the last year of General Ward's life, was brilliant and effective. While this American was fighting as a hireling in China, his heart beat with patriotic sympathy over the tremendous struggle in his own country. Letters of his now in the writer's possession are eloquent with feeling and anxiety. He sent twenty-five thousand dollars to help the equipment of a new Massachusetts regiment and expressed his keen regret that circumstances prevented his return to fight for the life of the nation. But he did the work in hand, that of helping to save the life of another nation, with zeal of heart and brain. The fighting plan of 1862 proposed to shut the Taepings within their old lines with a ring of bayonets, pending the augmentation of Ward's force to six thousand men, and then to strike at the heart by an attack on Nanking, the rebel capital. Until the full complement was reached, the English and French forces, under General Stavely and Admiral Protet, engaged to keep the field with the "Ever Victorious Army," for the supplementary Chinese force was almost worthless, except to garrison captured places. Within four months ten rebel cities were retrieved, and the Taepings driven steadily back, in spite of several dashing affairs in which Chung-Wang seriously discomfited the Imperial troops. In one of these the rebel chief nearly surprised the city of Sung-Kiang, a catastrophe only averted by a long night-march of Ward, who had got wind of the purpose and was thus able to re-enforce this important stronghold. During the campaign Captain Charles George Gordon acted as General Staveley's chief engineer, and this officer served directly under Ward, when in the later operations of the summer the latter, who had detached his corps from the supporting column, captured the large and important cities of Sing-pu and Ning-po.

But the end was near at hand. In reconnoitering Tzeki, a small place fortified by the enemy about ten miles from Ning-po, he was struck by a bullet in the breast and mortally hurt. He was taken on board an English gunboat lying in the adjoining canal, and never spoke during the long coma which preceded death. Thus died Frederick Ward, the man who first taught China what she could do if she would but harness Western genius and science to her conservatism. Ward, just before his death, had been named a mandarin of the highest button, and had received the decorations of the "Yellow Jacket" and double peacock feather. An Imperial proclamation trumpeted his praises, and a period of mourning was prescribed, while the obsequies at Sung-Kiang were such as only national heroes and sages had received. Li Hung Chang, who during the last four months of Ward's career had been viceroy of the province and closely associated with him, was the chief native mourner, and is said to have wept like a child as the last strains of the funeral music kept time to the clods that rattled on the coffin. A splendid memorial temple was erected in the sacred city of Confucius, and the Yankee sailor was enshrined among the protective deities of the Chinese Pantheon.

During the three years of Ward's career as soldier-adventurer those best acquainted with his affairs declared that he had become a millionaire. Tah-ke, his first backer, had remained his banker, but after Ward's death he asseverated that the latter had withdrawn his funds more than a year before. The American had always kept his accounts and vouchers in a long red pocketbook which he carried with him. While Ward's body lay on the British gunboat, Tah-ke came up from Shanghai, the very first to mourn over his friend's corpse. That red pocketbook was never seen afterward nor was an asset found beyond a toothbrush and pocket-comb, though Mr. Burlingame, the American Minister, helped the American heirs to push inquiries in every direction. Tah-ke blossomed among the richest merchants of Shanghai within a year or two.

The glory of Gordon began through his success in finishing what the comet-like career of Ward had left undone. But the work, the policy, the methods, and, above all, the instrument, lay ready to his hands. Ward was the pioneer without whom Gordon would probably have lacked his famous title of "Chinese," or earned it at the expense of vastly greater toil and time. The lesson that Ward first etched, Gordon only bit more deeply into the plate.

Ward, and then Gordon hot in his footsteps, stamped ineffaceably on the mind of Li Hung Chang, at the very outset of his career, belief in the supremacy of Western energy, skill, science and leadership, and the need of grafting these finer fruits on the native stock. The same conviction was perhaps shared by other Chinese in authority for a time, while perception was sharpened by crisis, though the truth was unwelcome, alien to the bias of tradition, galling to national conceit. They forgot for the most part, or let the thought go fallow and unproductive. Had they remembered as vividly as did the great viceroy, labored hand-in-hand with him in hammering the raw material of the Empire into new shapes instead of clogging his efforts and undermining his work, China to-day would not have been only half equipped for attack or defense, nor its armies swift to turn pig-tail at the roar of guns, forgetful of the example of bull-dog valor set by an earlier generation.

G. T. F.

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer
Acts as a bracer—trial bottle 10 cts.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

THE ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN DESCHAMPS.

IF I have a good memory, it was in 1859 that the incredible circumstance I am about to relate occurred in the city of Compiegne. The old inhabitants of that town will recall the excitement produced by the event, and it is still referred to in low tones on the avenues.

One evening in that year I was impregnated with melancholy: I tried smoking, but my favorite cigars seemed bitter to my taste; my after-dinner coffee was detestable. There was cold, biting weather without, and ennui within, when suddenly the door-bell rang, and my friend Deschamps precipitated himself into the room with a vivacity which struck me as singular, for he was a somewhat slow and grave person ordinarily.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked, as the door closed behind him.

"Nothing, only I feared you might be out, and I am awfully glad to see you," he answered.

"Well, I must confess that the pleasure is mutual," I responded, as he seated himself by the fire. "You have fallen in here like an angel of light to save me from the blue devils with your good company."

General Deschamps, Captain of the Dragoons, was a somewhat romantic fellow. He easily imagined that all women adored him, and when he had taken a little too much absinthe (which happened frequently) he was very sentimental and communicative. A handsome man, of fine physique with a bright color, a quick eye and well-cut features, I fancied him to be somewhat paler than usual this evening, and his look missed the audacity I had always associated with his expression.

"Well, now, what is there new?" I asked.

"Nothing, except that I have just come from Compiegne, eighteen leagues on horseback at breakneck speed."

"Eighteen leagues at breakneck speed! What is it, a duel?"

"A duel? Do you suppose I would feel so excited over a little thing like that?"

"But what is it, then? You are piquing my curiosity beyond endurance."

"I am half afraid to tell you what it is. I know you will laugh at me, and think me a little touched in the brain when you hear my adventure. I myself am doubtful of my own sanity when I think it over."

"'My dear Captain, take a glass of wine," I said, pushing the decanter toward him, "and settle your nerves."

"No, thank you, I shall not drink to-day."

"Really the matter is graver than I thought."

"It is so grave, and, again, so absurd, that I am utterly unable to understand it at all. You have a strong mind and a clear brain, and that is why I came to you, to see if you could give me the key to this phenomenon."

"Speak," I said, "and I will listen with the utmost interest."

"You must know, then, at the start, my dear fellow," began the Captain, "that I have a sweetheart. Well, three days ago, finding myself free and not knowing how to kill time, I quitted the barracks with the first lieutenant, to take a promenade along the Course. A cold fog had just commenced to rise, and before we had walked far Lieutenant Dubarier began to grumble at me for taking him out of his comfortable quarters into such biting gloom.

"'I have had quite enough of this promenade,' he said, 'and I am going into the Café Chapuis, to take a glass of punch. Will you join me?'

"'No, thanks,' I replied. 'I prefer to go and call on Julie' (which happens to be the name of my sweetheart). 'Will you not go with me?'

"'With pleasure,' the Lieutenant answered. 'An hour with a charming woman is always preferable to a glass of punch.'

"We made our way toward the Faubourg Hurtebize, the increasing cold and the deepening fog rendered endurable by the thought of the bright hearth awaiting us. But the domestic informed us that Julie had gone out to dine, and our dreams of a warm fire and a happy hour were dissipated.

"'Well, I am going to take a cross cut to the Café Chapuis,' said the Lieutenant, resignedly, as we turned from the door.

"'Let us go by the avenue,' I rejoined. 'It is just as near as the other way.'

"We had scarcely advanced fifty steps when, owing to the dense fog every moment increasing, I lost sight of Dubarier.

"I called him, but there was no response. Thinking that I had taken one way and he another, and that I should find him at the Café Chapuis, I continued my way. Suddenly I struck my foot against some object and leaned down to see what it was. It was a woman. Sitting crouched under a tree, like a beggar, she appeared neither to feel the cold nor the solitude or to perceive my presence.

"'Are you ill, madame?' I said, stepping over her.

"'No', she answered, in a feeble voice.

"'But this is not a safe kind of weather for you to sleep in the open air, madame.'

"'Here or elsewhere, what matters it to me?'

"'But you will expose yourself to all sorts of dangers,' I urged, 'alone, at this hour—'

"'All hours are the same to me,' she said.

"'Nevertheless, madame, I beg you will allow me to conduct you to your door.'

"'Willingly,' she replied; and, rising to her feet, she started forward, refusing my offered arm.

"I confess to you that I was greatly astounded at this commencement of the adventure, and despite the bitter cold, drops of perspiration were standing on my brow as I walked beside this enigmatical being.

"Who was she? what was she? and if I was permitted to see her face would it be as sweet as her voice? How would this romantic episode end? It seemed to me that the fog was in my brain, as well as in the air, and I called myself imbecile, as I gnawed my mustache and followed the unknown woman Heaven only knew where.

"I could not see her face, and but scarcely distinguish her form through the thick fog. At the end of a five-minute walk she paused. 'Here is my home,' she said; 'will you come in?'

"Although I was far from expecting such an invitation under the circumstances, I accepted it readily, curious to push the affair to an explanation, and determined to see her face.

"The unknown approached the house. A sharp sound of a bell responded to her touch, and the door opened. On each side stood a servant in mourning livery, holding a lighted wax candle. By this light I observed that the unknown was completely enveloped in heavy black crape.

"She passed before me like a queen, signing me to follow.

"You know me, my friend, and you know I am not afraid of the devil himself. But I confess I felt a curious chill of fear run down my spine, as I followed this woman into the house.

"The apartment into which I was introduced was splendidly furnished; and as my eyes chanced to fall upon a clock, I noticed that it was near the stroke of midnight. At a gesture from their mistress, the domestics passed out, silent as phantoms, after lighting some large candles whose scintillating flame but feebly lit up the shadows of the room.

"I was alone with *her!*

"She seated herself upon a divan, motioning me to sit beside her, and lifted her veil. At sight of her face I was dazzled; and all my fears, doubts and troubles disappeared before her wonderful beauty.

"Angel or demon, she was superb. I scarcely remember what followed. I recall touching her hand and finding it like marble. I remember that her sweet eyes seemed fixed and strange; yet she regarded me with either such profound pity, or love, that, believing it to be the latter, I fell upon my knees before her. It seemed to me that I could remain in this attitude forever, for I was drunk with happiness, and thrills of undreamed of rapture transported me beyond this world. Suddenly midnight sounded.

"In the silence the clock knell was funereal. I rose abruptly, not knowing why. I saw the candles gradually going out, and above the mantlepiece a large mirror which I had observed on entering was now covered with a black veil. Troubled and alarmed, I turned my eyes toward my unknown friend—she was gone.

"I called the servants—there was no answer. I searched the house—it was empty. The street-door opened before I touched its handle, and I rushed out of the diabolical house without knowing why I entered or how I came forth.

"Finding myself dripping with perspiration, I wished to wipe my brow, but my handkerchief was missing. I took my sword from its scabbard and marked a deep notch in the front of the mysterious house, situated on the Rue Pierrefonds, as I wished to take careful pains to assure myself for future reference.

"You must realize that I greatly felt the need of repose, and I went home and to sleep.

"When on the following day I told Lieutenant Dubarier this singular history he merely shrugged his shoulders. When I offered to show him the house, he laughed at me. Nevertheless, he ended by accepting my proposition, and it was an easy matter to find the house with the notch marked on the walls with my sword.

"But my astonishment was great to see the doors and windows hermetically sealed, and the whole house appearing to have been abandoned for a considerable length of time.

"I rang, but there was no anwser. I rang again, so loudly that the man next door put his head out of the window.

"'What do you want? he asked.

"'A lady who lives in this house.'

"'She has been dead two years and the house has never been opened since.'

"'Impossible!'

"'If you want to buy the house,' continued the neighbor, 'call at No. 12. The gentleman there will give you statements and information.'

"I thanked him, and rang the bell of No. 12, hoping to clear up the deepening mystery of my experience.

"Monsieur B. received us most affably, after learning that I wished to make inquiries with a view to buying the house which he had to sell.

"'You will find it a most desirable house after you have seen it,' he said.

"'I have already seen it,' I replied.

"'You have seen it? Impossible!' he said, turning toward me with an antonished air. 'It is more than six months since I have been inside the house myself, and I carry the key. But no doubt you refer to a visit paid before the death of the owner?'

"'I was there last night,' I said, 'and in company with a charming woman.'

"Monseiur B. looked at me strangely and then at my friend, as if to demand an explanation.

"I understood his doubts of my sanity, and I proceeded to give him details of my visit. 'And now,' I said, in closing, 'there is a way to prove my assertions. On leaving the house I missed my handkerchief, and I remembered to have left it upon the divan. Will you go with me and look for it? And if you find it, what will you say?'

"'My faith, sir, I will sell you the house at your own figures,' replied the agent.

"'And I would not take it at any price,' I said in a low voice to the Lieutenant.

"On arriving at the door, Monsieur B. called my attention triumphantly to the spiders' webs spun over the keyhole and locks.

"'This door has not been opened in six months,' he said. 'Do you give up?'

"'I crossed the threshold last night,' I replied, calmly.

"We entered. All within bore the appearance of neglect and solitude. The walls were mouldy, the chairs covered with dust; but the first object which our eyes encountered on entering the salon was my handkerchief upon the divan.

"And that, my friend, is my story. What do you think of it?

"'Are you a somnambulist, Captain?'

"'Not that I know of.'

"'Were you a little—a little—ahem!—when you left barracks?'

"'No; I had drank no more than usual.'

"'Very well, then, I can only explain your adventure in this way,' I said. 'You slept on your back, and had a nightmare from which you have not yet awakened.'"

Translated from the French of Charles Valois by
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

AUTHORS AND JOURNALISTS.

NEARLY all young authors begin by despising the newspapers and sneering at newspaper men. But the young authors who do this are very often forgetful of one fact: they themselves would probably have been newspaper men if they had not had money enough, when starting in life, to write novels and poems and plays with no imperious necessity for "cash down." Personally, the more I observe modern journalism in a serious, unprejudiced way, the more I am struck with the immense amount of talent that it absorbs. I mean literary talent, of course, and I use the word "absorbs" in a somewhat sorrowful sense. For we authors, whatever charitable things our well-wishers may say of us, are all egotists in one sense at least: we like to have our public know that we have scribbled our scribblings, even though they shall fall flat after publication. We are none of us contented with anonymity. Don't believe us when we declare to you that we would be. In such cases, gentle reader, we are either posing scandalously or else we are smarting from some harsh critical assault. But the brilliant and capable journalists (and there are legions of them, as it seems to me, writing to-day) must accomplish all their work (good, bad or indifferent) with a complete understanding that its authorship will remain wrapped in obscurity now and for evermore.

Considering how well these men write, in the main, it is marvelous that they should often write as well as they do. In the best newspapers I read "stories," as the journalistic term for them runs, which are marked by a skill, pungency and color that some of our leading novelists might study with profit. This is not by any means always true; but it is so frequently true as to wake astonishment in the workers of slow and careful method when considering the swift and inevitably uncareful method of newspaper writers. Of course a good deal of pell-mell and zigzag English gets itself into journalism. But such English is of the sort that we deliberate and slow-coach "authors" might expect always to find there. The point I want to make in this little paper is that we don't find it there half as often as our lofty professional superiority would lead us to expect. I am not acquainted at all intimately with the powers of jealousy in my "creative" contemporaries; I have no idea how green-eyed Brown's may be or how bitter-tongued Smith's. But it occurs to me that if I had any facets of malevolence which I could at will turn on with a full gush, I might be inclined to inundate, in the most destructive style, certain unknown persons who address me in my morning paper. "The newspaper men are taking the ground from under our feet," a story-writer of ability not long ago said to me. I agreed with him thoroughly, and tried to look as angry as he did. But very possibly I failed in the endeavor, for it had swiftly occurred to me that if our tenure of the ground below our feet was not strong enough to be securely retained by our own proprietorship, then its evanishment was not an affair of which we could logically complain. If these quick-witted young men who are now hurrying into the newspapers are going to beat the novelists and essayists at their own game, so much the better for them and so much the worse for us. All is fair in love and war. "Protection" is a poor creed to my mind, both in politics and manuscript-making. We may shriek as much as we please against certain shocking faults in the American newspaper (and I don't believe the men who write so capably for them deplore these faults any less than I do), but we must admit, except when we are drearily obtuse, that the amount of solid ability they represent deserves affluent praise.

And yet I can scarcely feel, somehow, that journalism is a good school for the young man who aspires to perform enduring literary work. True, Thomas Hardy began his career that way; but then English journalism is not of the American kind. Young Richard Harding Davis, they tell me, was originally a newspaper man; but did not he have the advantage of being born of a mother who wrote "Life in the Iron Mills," "Waiting for the Verdict," and other stories, long and short, which should give her a still higher place in American letters than the high one which she already holds? Mr. Howells began in the realm of newspaperdom, but that was a very long time ago, so long that since then he has been enabled not only to write fine and able novels, but to place himself at the head of those who were striving, as far back as 1865, or even earlier, to make the American novel a respectable affair, and to do something in fiction which should even faintly reflect the waning energies of Hawthorne and a few (a very few) lesser lights.

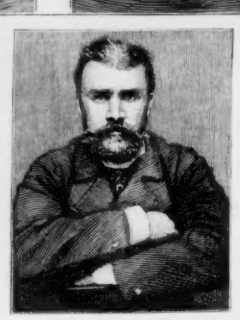
The trouble with newspaper training for a literary man is, unless I err, that it fills him with a tendency to be "scrappy." The short-story writer may be evolved from it, and in these modern days, as I begin to perceive, he often is. In the case of Mr. Davis he has been so evolved with marked saliency; but there I must again mention heredity as a distinct factor in Mr. Davis's evolution. The newspaper insists on brevity, just as it is too often careless about carefulness. It demands terseness and intensity, but it has slight regard for dignity of style. Now, as I take it, dignity of style is the great preservative of literary effort. A feverish and volatile piece of writing may be read eagerly by thousands to-day, and to-morrow be neglected by millions. Is not that ensheathement of literary work which insures for it perpetuity—such perpetuity as we find in "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "Henry Esmond"—the repose and finish which leisure and meditation may alone produce? Does anything live in literature which is not crystallized instead of being merely achieved, effected, put together? A good deal of carbon exists on our planet in the form of coal, and mighty is the comfort that it bestows. But carbon in the form of the diamond is rarer, and unlike its ebon cousin, too, it is relatively indestructible.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

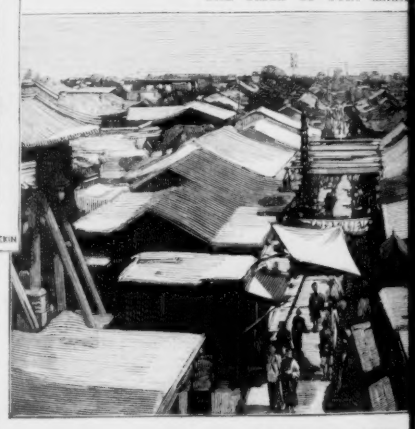
THE TAKU FORTS TICHTSIN

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHU A JAP

THE CITY OF PEKIN



MAJOR VON HANNEKEN
WHO IS ENTRUSTED WITH THE FORTIFICATION OF PEKIN

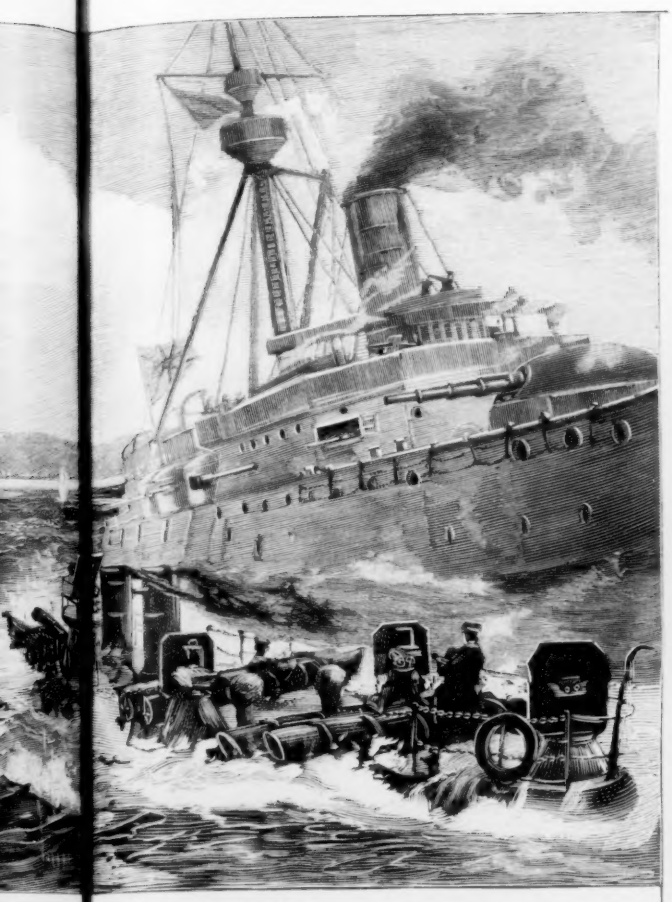


A STREET SCENE IN TICHTSIN

A REVIEW OF THE CHINESE TROOPS FORMING THE GARRISON OF PORT ARTHUR

MR FREDERICK VILLIERS
THE CELEBRATED WAR CORRESPONDEN

THE WAR IN CHINA—ADVANCE O



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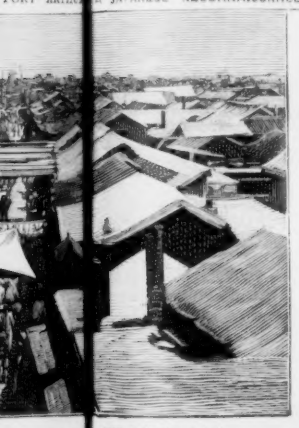

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ILLIERS
ATED WAR CORRESPONDENT

THE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR RETREAT OF THE CHINESE

VANCE OF THE JAPANESE ON PEKIN

NEW YORK AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

FROM time to time, when New Yorkers do not happen to have anything more immediately absorbing to engage their attention—that is to say, when for the space of a few weeks the papers have been lacking in subjects for double-leaded headlines, such as a disastrous fire, a scandal in high life, a bank defalcation, or some fresh corruption among the city officials, the question is raised as to whether or not New York is a literary centre, or whether, the fact being admitted, its relative importance as a literary centre is likely to increase. From one point of view, the matter appears to possess very little practical importance. Literary centres are not brought into existence or developed by means of conscious effort, or through persistent labor following deliberate intention, but are the result of a complexity of causes and of influences practically outside of our control. If New Yorkers should feel dissatisfied with the relative commercial importance of their city, there are various measures within their reach by which its trade facilities could be extended; such as the deepening of the channels of the harbor, the improvement of the docks and of the connecting streets, the extension of railroad connections with the interior, etc. If at any time New Yorkers should, with any substantial degree of unanimity, determine to indulge in the luxury of decently cleaned streets and of a fairly honest and efficient city government, the clean streets and the decent government will certainly be secured. But the whole two million inhabitants of the metropolis might say in unison: "Go to; let us make a literary centre. Let us secure for Manhattan the intellectual inheritance of Athens," and the result would be absolutely *nil*.

The consideration of the literary importance of New York, taken, therefore, as a diagnosis with reference to action and to achievement, seems to me a purely academic question. It is probable, also, that there is no assured consensus of opinion as to the precise purport of the term "literary centre." It may mean a place where literary producers are gathered together, forming a society of their own and helping to give character to the larger society of the community; or it may be applied to a place from which is given to the world outside some considerable proportion of the world's literary production—that is, of the annual output of books. It is, of course, quite within the bounds of possibility for a city to be a publishing centre without itself possessing any considerable or distinctive resident literary society.

Under the conditions now obtaining for the publication of books, there is no necessity, and in fact no material advantage, in having the authors resident in the place where their books are put into print. There is no kind of difficulty on the part of a publisher in New York putting through the press books the manuscripts of which come to him from Boston, San Francisco, Oxford, Buda-Pesth, or any corners of the world, however remote, that can be reached by mails and by proof-sheets; and literary relations of this world-wide character form, in fact, the usual routine of the three or four leading publishing concerns of our city. The mass of the manuscript material handled in New York publishing offices comes, however, of course, from American writers. The territory of our Republic is far extended; from Alaska to the capes of Florida is a "far cry," and among the sixty-five million people, the number of those who have something to say to their generation (and, as they fondly hope, to posterity) is very considerable and appears to be increasing faster than the population itself, and faster, therefore, than the circles of possible readers. Of the manuscripts submitted for the press from American writers, I should estimate (on what is, I admit, a very rough calculation) that from five-sixths to nine-tenths come for consideration to New York publishing offices, the remainder being divided between Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and one or two minor publishing centres, in the order named. I am speaking only of works planned for publication in book form. There is, of course, an enormous mass of material produced for use in periodicals (or in the hope that such use may be secured), but this constitutes a subject in itself, or, as Kipling would say, this is another story.

One of the first considerations that occurs to the publishers, in thinking of the production of manuscripts, is the absolute futility of by far the greater portion of the labor expended, the hopeless lack of value, whether literary or commercial, of the great mass of the material, the enormous waste of effort and the pathetic crushing of so many hopes, ideals and aspirations. I should estimate that in my own publishing office, we find use for about two in every hundred of the manuscripts which come in to us without being asked for—that is, of books for which we have not ourselves planned. That does not, of course, imply that the remaining ninety-eight do not find a publisher somewhere, but it does mean that this is true of by far the larger portion of them. I am of opinion that from seventy-five to eighty of every hundred manuscripts written never do come into print, and as far as their being of any service to the world is concerned, never ought to. The task of receiving, recording, examining, corresponding about, and of returning this mass of scribbling is of necessity a very considerable one, and constitutes a serious item in the labor and the expense of conducting a publishing office, for which outlay there is, it is to be borne in mind, no offsetting compensation whatever. The New York publishers have also upon their hands from week to week, particularly since the establishment of the international copyright, an increasing mass of manuscripts and advance sheets from the other side of the Atlantic. They may occasionally wish, after clearing their offices at the end of the week of the mass of unavailable material, that New York was not quite so much of a literary centre.

It is evident in any case that, in the matter of attracting to itself, from all parts of the continent and of the world, literary material (that is, material more or less literary, most of it less), and that as a place for the production of books, New York is increasing in both absolute and relative importance, although still considerably eclipsed by London and Paris, and probably also behind Berlin and Leipsic. What are called the material interests of New York—namely, its commercial, financial and transportation undertakings are of such magnitude that it has been easy to overlook somewhat the importance and the influence of its literary output. Measured even by the cost of production, the books issued each year from the presses of New York constitute a very considerable item in the total manufactures of the city.

While, as before said, there is no business necessity or advantage for authors to take up their residence in the city where their books are manufactured, and while a very large proportion of the writing of these books is actually done in the smaller towns throughout the country, it is the case that the metropolis acts, on one ground or another, as a magnet of attraction for many literary workers. The fact that the periodical publications of the city are so important in themselves and make such large requirements upon the literary thought of the country, has, of course, exercised a noteworthy influence upon the selection by literary workers of New York as a place of residence. While it is true with periodicals, more particularly with the monthlies, that their articles can come to them from a distance, there is a certain convenience for the editors—a convenience which, as before pointed out, does not obtain in the case of publishers of books—in having their contributors within reach. Magazines and weeklies must be made up within specific limits of space, and within these limits must present a certain carefully arrived at variety of subject-matter, and the task of an editor in selecting, arranging, apportioning, and particularly in eliminating, the available material in order to produce within this limitation of space the specific results aimed at, may often seem to him a more perplexing task than the adjustment of a Chinese puzzle.

It is this necessity of rearranging, and frequently of condensing, his material that makes it often important for the editor to have his contributor where he can put his hands upon him, and the writers whose principal work is planned for periodicals will therefore find their work furthered and their opportunities increased by residence in the big city. If their work is to be done for the daily papers (and the great dailies are presenting from year to year an increasing amount of material entitled to be classed as literature), it is almost essential that the writers shall live within reach of the editor's office.

Certain writers of note have also been tempted to add to their literary work, or to take up in place of their literary work editorial responsibilities, and have on this ground been induced to leave their country homes for life in the metropolis. The larger proportion of the poems by which Bryant became known to literary fame were produced in Berkshire, but the opportunity of controlling the *Evening Post* made Bryant a New Yorker. Both the poems and the novels of Bayard Taylor were produced in his country home in Pennsylvania, but the graceful and discriminating literary criticisms which formed so important a part of his work as an author were written in midnight hours, often under immediate pressure, in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune*. To take an example from one of our younger contemporaries, the poetry which is bringing laurels to the exceptionally versatile man who is the editor of the *Century* has, in large part at least, been the work of vacation hours in the country, and it is possible that if it were not for the pressure of his editorial responsibility, and if it were not also for that keen self-sacrificing sense of public spirit which impels him to devote so much of his vitality to the service of the community, he would by preference have selected a rural life, and the extent and the importance of his own literary productions might have been very largely increased. It is certainly the case, however, not only that the influence of the man has a very far-reaching range through the great monthly directed by him, but that our city may well congratulate itself in securing the presence and the personal service of workers with such ideals and with such capacity for citizenship as Mr. Gilder, even though their literary production may be lessened.

Mr. Curtis was thought of always as a New Yorker, and it was of course in connection with editorial work in the city, and with political leadership and influence directed from the city, that his name was best known. His actual literary production was, however, carried on in part in the Berkshire Hills, and during the remainder of the year in a quiet home on Staten Island, which, as far as freedom from the troublous influences of city life was concerned, was almost as far removed as the Berkshires.

There are other cases in which men whose names are familiar in the literary world have been brought to New York, not in connection with the requirements or advantages of their literary work, but because their interests and their energies have to some extent been absorbed in pursuits outside of literature. Mr. Stedman, poet, essayist and critic, is also a Wall Street banker. It would be difficult to say, it is very possible he would not himself undertake to say, to what extent his opportunities for literary production or for the fulfillment of his higher literary ideals, have been curtailed or hampered by the pressure of his business responsibilities or have been influenced by the absorptions of city life. The discriminating pictures of English literature presented in the "Victorian Poets" could apparently have been depicted as effectively from the coast of New Hampshire (where the author has a summer cottage) as in his New York study; but that exquisite little idyll, "Pan in Wall Street," was, of course, directly inspired in the environment of the money changers. Since the death of Bryant, it is Stedman who is usually thought of as the Dean of the Literary Faculty of our city, and as a typical representative of a certain combination of active business experience with the most discriminating literary perception and the highest literary ideals, a combination which may be called peculiarly American, and which could undoubtedly be developed only under the conditions of city life.

Instances might, of course, easily be multiplied of the various interests and inducements which have congregated in New York certain of the workers whose names are associated with the literature of our country, and of the other groups of workers who, utilizing New York as their channel of literary expression, find their own particular requirements better developed by homes in rural districts or in smaller towns. I have undertaken in this brief sketch merely to indicate certain of the influences and conditions which have helped to shape the literary activities of New York, considered, first, with reference to its place as a centre for the production of books, and secondly (a matter quite incidental in its relation to literature), with reference to its convenience as a place of residence for the writers of books.

Geo. Haven Putnam

The Prince's Soliloquy

DRAMATIS PERSONA.—*H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.*
SCENE.—*Smoking-Room at Sandringham.*

H. R. H.—Egad! it's good to get back to one's own fireside! To be thoroughly English, I might say it's grate: but even that during my absence seems to have cultivated a humor of its own, for it's like Lily in New York—doesn't draw well. I seem to have got it where Dicky got the dose myself, too, in the interior of the neck. Perhaps it was a draught too much at St. Petersburg—it's such a *nipping* cold place—or all through trying to pronounce some of those Russian names. Take Vyshegradsky and Pobedonostsev (*sneezes*), for instance. Great Scott! talk about Russian credit! Why, you could float anything, from a loan to a *Times* editorial, or a *Punch* joke, or St. Paul's black jacket, on a name like either of those. (*Pokes fire, lights cigar, and curling up comfortably in easy chair, looks reminiscent.*)

Poor Alex! He wasn't much of a sport, but he was a good old sort, and kept the peace like the most exemplary Massachusetts citizen. Made a better king, I daresay, than I ever will. But that won't be my fault. You can't think of your salvation and your country at the same time, and you can't be making your soul and war on your enemy at the same time, either. I begin to feel as if I wanted a father confessor already. But by the Powers! Alex's ministers and officials made me think of the New York police. They'll not have the soft snap with young Nick they expect, though. He's a good boy. That's why we were so chummy—though the papers didn't get on. But to be taken for a diplomat, indeed! By Jove! if it wasn't for Dufferin and Depew, and one or two others of that ilk, I'd take legal action. Shouldn't be surprised if Dufferin does; but all the same, he couldn't have done better himself. I shouldn't half mind an action for defamation of character—if I could win it. That trip cleaned me out. I must strike the Baron for a small loan. (*Turns out pockets, and photographs fall on the floor. Picks them up.*) By George! the little Russian countess! and the plump Parisian I lent two hundred to at Monte Carlo. (*Sighs, and throws photos in the grate.*)

There's one thing, though, Nick and I did have an "international understanding" about; and that is to do away in the dim future with national anthems. Nick will send his to Siberia, and I will get Mrs. Ormiston Chant to purge the *Empire* of mine. Gilbert isn't half right, I don't think, when he sings about the implacable national anthem; though I'm dying to know where he got his king who had been bored by the song from his cradle. It isn't me. But by Jove! if there's one tune I've grown positively tired of in the past few decades, it's the national anthem! There's such a sameness about it.

Talking about anthems, I wonder what struck my German nevvy to go in for slinging off that dismal catalogue of Scandinavian unpronounceables? And on a yachting cruise, too! He must have been under the weather. By Jove! I can just imagine him hanging over the weather-rail on a fine, wild night, shifting in the good old salt breeze and glowering at the stars, and all the time racking his Teutonic brains for a rhyme to Frigga. It makes me smile—both ways. (*Rings, and orders a bottle of wine. Lights a fresh cigar.*) Now, when *I* go out of the Prince business—which I won't for two reasons—and into poetry, I'll take W. E. G. for a model, instead of the family tree, and string off some *cheerful* things. That's more in my line. Something like this would run along nicely, for instance:

Oh! it isn't bad sport of a Scotchy old sort
To play golf and gun grouse and all that;
To pull a prize ticket, or watch county cricket
With W. G. at the bat!
To have up a fat purse on the best running horse,
Or hold cards that cum-min on the pot
Is still better, you bet; but the best of them yet
Is to hustle home first in a yacht, tra! la!
Oh, that is the best of the lot!
There's the sun riding high flashing full in your eye
And the tang of the sea in your mouth!

For the wind, waves and weather are birds of a feather
All flying and fresh from the South!
The day's growing older, the wind's growing bolder,
And showers of spray o'er us break
As to windward we leap, with the sea running steep,
And the foe like the foam in our wake!

There, by Jove! I don't begin to believe that Byron's ocean song could afford to give that much of a time allowance and count on getting past the echo for a safe win. There may be a few feet short in some of the lines, and one or two that ain't comrades, but there's good measure in the others and it's an even thing all round. That sort of rhyme is like Britannia—don't need any centreboard to ride even. I'll have to make a bid for the laureateship. I must see Rosebery about it. I thought enough of Ladas to score a soft spot for my own comfort later on. That sort of verse of mine would be more popular with the people than Swinburne's overdone eulogies or Gladdy's crazy-quilt translations. Look how Rosebery made himself all bah with everybody! Oh, he's a politician all right! And then they say I'm popular, too. That demonstration they wanted to give me when I got back demonstrated that. And yet there are some old fossils who insinuate that I wouldn't make a *good* king! But, anyway, there's lots of poetry and music to be got out of swelling sails and flying spray and the last run for the home buoy!

By the Rainbow Colors of My New Uniform!—(That reminds me: I'm getting to swear like a regular, or irregular, Cossack. I'll be a perfect *Slav* to the babit after a bit). But it makes my blood run warmer to think of some of those heats last summer, when Georgie's little boat wasn't in it. Naturally, such reflections are heating. I seem to feel the salt breeze in my face and see the proud look on old Carter's when we saved ourselves in that Clyde struggle on the 7th of July and pulled in mamma's cup by a margin of two minutes! It was a cold day—for Vigilant; and she had to have all the blankets. That's what saved *us*.

I shouldn't half mind running over to the other side just to show 'em what old Britannia could do in their open water outside Sandy Hook; and George *did* say some nice things about me when he got back home. But I know he would like to have a whack, just for "luck," at the Cape May trophy; and I think I'd like to get him in the open there *first*. Then we might have a brush across the pond for the cigars, or a pointer in corn versus a pull with the Crown—or some such visionary stake. (*Throws cigar in the fire, yawns, and lolls back sleepily.*)

Poor Dunraven! As *Punch* would say, he hasn't done ravin' yet for conditions. There's too much cup and too little *coup*, as 'Arry would say, in that altercation. But that new Valkyrie will simply be a bird—a sort of novel albatross, to use a *racy* simile. I s'pose the Mikado will bloom out with a yacht next season. He's been sailing into China in such good time lately, he yacht to do well. There I am again—too much *Punch*. I'll have to take *Judy* instead. I'm feeling like Burnand must feel sometimes, judging from his jokes—heavy. Wonder where Vigilant is? Carter's right—short tacks—make Livadia—capital race—St. Petersburg—better luck next time—Maria—Gould—Siberia—Britannia—Brit—an—(*sleeps*).

How we ran the "Dope"

NOW, when or where I met Jack is immaterial. We met, and in time became friends. As a "dope runner" (opium smuggler) he was without a peer; and when the great opium ring of the Northwest, jealous of his success, sought to make him a member of their clique, and he refused, war was declared to the bitter end. Plot after plot had been concocted by ring spies and customs officials to surprise and capture him in the act of violating the customs laws, but every effort had proved futile, and Jack's fertile brain would give them another problem that would keep their heads busy for weeks. He worked alone. "Two heads may be better than one to lay out a plan," he would say, "but if one gets caught I'll take the one head every time;" and, as the law only prescribed punishment for the commission of said plan, Jack stuck to the one-head principle.

One October afternoon, as I was seated in the billiard-room of a certain hotel in Vancouver, B. C., watching an interesting game of English billiards, Jack approached me.

"Just the man I want to see," he exclaimed, seating himself beside me.

Perhaps here is the best place to describe him. Imagine a man about five feet eight inches in height, forty years of age, muscular as an athlete, iron-gray hair and mustache, and a florid face wherein twinkled a pair of laughing blue eyes as an index to the sunny nature beneath, and you have Jack.

Commencing life as a common sailor, he had worked himself up to the position of mate, applied for a captaincy, failed, and—well, Jack was ambitious, so he invested in a fleet little sloop of a tonnage under that which requires registration, and took to what is familiarly known as "running dope."

"In what way can I serve you, Jack?" I replied to his salutation.

"Well, I'll explain. Six weeks ago I ran a load of stuff into Seattle, about two hundred pounds, and sold it to a Chinaman who had always bought from the ring. Mad is no name for it—they were wild; and to make matters worse for me, the Chinaman got nabbed and lost his "dope." There is no doubt that it was a put-up job, and that the ring put the inspectors onto the Chinaman as a kind of lesson not to buy from outsiders. But the bad matter for me comes in here: they tell the tyees over here that I gave it away, and they have swung right against me.

"A Chinaman is like a hog: his head is so thick that if he once gets an idea into it the only way to get it out is to kill him. So it's no use to argue, and I'll have to work against the double game. I got the points of their combination this morning. They are these. The moment I buy any 'dope,' off posts a coolie and gives it away to some 'spotter,' and as secrecy is the success of this business, it means that I'll have to keep my stuff or do time. Now I don't want you to turn smuggler, break any laws or run any risks, but will you help me fool the whole outfit?"

"I will on one condition—that is, that you will let me accompany you."

"Holy sailor!" he ejaculated, "do you know we will have to do time if we are caught?"

"Fully aware of it, my boy; but I have implicit faith in your abilities. Proceed to divulge what character I am to assume."

"Your part is easy enough; but what do you want to take the trip for when you have no interest in the cargo? If you were in the deal it would be different, but I don't want any partnership business."

"As for partnership business, I want none of it myself."

"But the risk you will run?"

"My dear fellow, so long as my presence as a second party does not compromise you, let us consider the risk

RAISING THE "DOPE."

solely as an affair of my own." (To make this trip across the boundary line as a smuggler, and with such a character as Jack, was an opportunity that once presented and lost meant, perhaps, lost forever.) "Surely," I continued, "if you can so far trust me as to make me your confidant, that trust should allow me to share the witnessing of a successful completion of your project."

"Very well," he replied, "and if you put up a good year of time at hard labor on McNeil's Island, don't blame me, but charge it up to your patron, Uncle Sam." Then he proceeded to unfold his plan.

"To-day I am going to buy two hundred pounds of 'dope.' This the Chinamen will be ordered to pack in a yellow trunk that I have already sent them for that purpose, but more especially that the spotters may have plenty of time to size it up for purpose of identification. Once packed, I shall have it removed to my room here in the hotel. Of course they will follow it to its destination, and watch will be set for its removal. Just here we will fool them. How? As easy as twice two. You, like Cæsar's wife, are above suspicion. Well, some night while I watch below you quietly remove the stuff from the yellow trunk, carry it into your room and pack it into your own Saratoga. Presto, change, the first trick is ours!

"Now for No. 2. You will order your trunk sent down to the depot, which job will be performed by an expressman who generally does my work, and who will understand that by 'the depot' English Bay is meant and that my sloop is the baggage-room. After that it is a case of run, and the devil take the hindermost."

Jack, myself and the "dope" got safely aboard one of the trimmest little sloops afloat.

A Columbia River model—sharp fore and aft, twenty-two feet long, with the exception of a small cockpit aft, completely decked, and with roomy cabin forward under the mast; as symmetrical and graceful as a bird, her lines of shapeliness and apparent solidity conveyed a sense of speed and safety.

When the heavy sou'westers are booming thick and black, and the revenue cutters hug the harbors, the wary smuggler reaps his harvest. Danger must not daunt him, and his boat must be swift and stanch. Such a boat was this—a craft well worthy to be put between one's self and death, and fail not.

Nine o'clock P.M., and an ebb tide. Noiselessly raising our anchor, we let ourselves drift on the tide out of English Bay into the Gulf of Georgia. Then up went our jib and mainsail.

As yet we had broken no laws, our secrecy being maintained solely to prevent notice of the departure of our craft being sent to the United States.

Before us lay the danger. If the event of our departure still remained a secret, and watch was kept on the yellow trunk, our arrival on the other side was unexpected and the risk light. But, on the contrary, if Jack had aroused any suspicions and dispatches had been sent, trouble lay ahead.

Then he fell to planning out the morrow. "We will try and lay somewhere under Whidby Island by daybreak," he said, "and if the weather is all right we'll make Salmon Bay with to-morrow night's run. To-morrow we will lay in under cover and watch Port Townsend."

Port Townsend being the headquarters for the revenue cutter, I could well understand the necessity of keeping watch in that quarter; but fate decreed otherwise. Down went the wind until not a breath stirred. Jack did not waste time whistling for any. "Wooden wind is good enough when you can't get any other," he said, and out came a pair of wooden sweeps. By daybreak we made a little cove on Orcas Island which, from its isolated situation, Jack assured me, rendered us good protection. The day was spent in idleness, except a short time employed by Jack in renovating the "dope" from the trunk and transferring it to a canvass bag to which he attached a stout cord about five hundred feet long.

"For what purpose is that?" I asked.

"Safety and economy," he replied. "If a cutter should overhaul us, overboard goes the 'dope'—with a string to identify it; finding nothing on board, what can they do? Nothing. And when they draw off, we hunt up the bottle at the end of the string, pull our stuff on board, and get out."

Six o'clock brought not only darkness, but the good weather Jack wished for. That good weather did not mean starlight skies and smooth waters. It meant good weather for "running dope," and that is hard weather on the human constitution. When we poked our prow out of the little cove we ran it tight into a forty-mile gale driving along with it mingled mist and sea. One long tack right out into the Straits of Fuca, then we bore away southeast for Puget Sound.

With almost a feeling of awe I gazed at the silent being at the helm. Intuition alone must have guided him among the reefs and ledges that assailed our course, for human eyes could never pierce for ten feet the veil that surrounded us and blotted out the lights that should have given us our course. On, on we staggered and plunged until time seemed drawn out into eternity, and the tension on my nerves, which had never up to this time failed me, became almost unbearable. "For God's sake, how long will this thing last?" I asked.

"This is all right," was the laconic answer.

Half an hour later we are in another water, and I again break the silence. "Where are we now?" I ask.

"Inside of Point Wilson, and, I judge, pretty safe. It's too dark for the boys to be poking their noses around to-night, for where we smell our bearings they use chart and lead."

"But it is getting smoother inside here."

"Here, yes; but wait until we strike the south end of Whidby, and if you don't think hell has broke loose—well, so far it's been a picnic; wait for the tide rip off Skagit Head."

With this consoling prediction, I settled myself in the little corner of the cockpit again, and fell to thinking that perhaps drowning was not so much worse than doing time on McNeil's Island. This pleasant chain of thought was broken by Jack.

"Will you go below and see what time it is?" he asked.

Creeping along the deck on my hands and knees, I let myself down the companionway into the cabin. Two o'clock. Making my way back to the cockpit, I apprised my companion of the hour.

"Five hours to make Salmon Bay," he said; "hold on like grim death, for we are opposite Point No Point and I can hear the tide rip."

Jack's "hell broke loose" was no misnomer. His so-called "tide rip" was the meeting of the ebb and flood tides, and when the little craft struck it, stanch as she was, she staggered and trembled like a live thing in convulsions. Everywhere about us the water was hissing and seething. Cross currents, eddies and undertow, each striving for supremacy, tossed us about almost at random. Black and treacherous as are the waters of Puget Sound, language fails to express the demoniacal confusion when the incoming tide, sweeping around Whidby Island, meets the ebb running out ahead of a howling sou'wester. It is no longer a dead, senseless thing that confronts you, but a subtle, evil being like the devil-fish assails you from all sides, boiling and bubbling under the bow, twisting and rending amidship, dragging down the stern, then whirling you broadside to the fury of the storm—in the daylight awful, at night appalling. For two long hours, which seemed drawn out into ages, we reeled and plunged through this hell of water; then, with the same startling suddenness with which we encountered it, it passed astern, and we sped on over long, sweeping rollers that sighingly "swished" their whitecaps under our stern as though mourning our victory.

When Nature designed Salmon Bay, had she had in view a rendezvous for smugglers she could not have produced a masterpiece more acceptable to the profession. A narrow, tortuous passage between wooded bluffs; steep, muddy banks that render its beach impassable; shores sparsely inhabited, and riven by ravines, the wary smuggler hails this as his haven. Along its banks often lurk the customs inspectors, but the surveillance is lax, and, unless special information has been received, the chances for escape are many.

Protected by the long arm of West Point that lay between us and the south, we glided like spectres into this black hole, at just six o'clock in the morning.

Down came our sails, and while I was freeing and casting loose the anchor, a splash aft told me that the "dope" was "cached," and I confess I breathed more freely.

"All ready for boarders," Jack says, laughingly, as we went below and proceeded to splice the main brace. He also informed me that arrangements had previously been made as to the final disposition of the "dope," and that we now only awaited the arrival of the purchaser.

About noon, as we were lounging on the deck, Jack called my attention to a boat approaching us from the shore. "That's the Chinaman," he exclaimed; and so it proved to be.

After boarding us, and after satisfactory identification, it took but a short time to "resurrect the dope," as Jack put it, and turn it over to the Mongolian, who exchanged for it a goodly roll of bank-notes and took his departure.

We did not tarry long in Salmon Bay, but, hoisting sail, stood away for Seattle, nine miles distant, and so ended in safety my "dope" experience.

That night, as Jack and I were seated in one of the leading hotel bars discussing a bottle of wine, I put this question to him: "Jack, does the profit derived from a transaction such as this, attended as it is by such danger to both life and liberty, pay?"

"Well," he answered, after a long pause, "I have more than doubled my money—made over nine hundred dollars clear. As to the danger, one has to take chances in any line of business; for me this is as good as any, but—"

The remainder of his sentence was washed down his throat in a copious draught of champagne, so I will finish it: "If there is any organic trouble about your heart, if your nerves are not as tempered steel, don't try 'running dope.'"

JOHN SANGSTER.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

December 12.

AT a musicale given at the Champs Elysées a few days ago, I saw some smart gowns. One which showed the *cachet* of a skillful couturière had the skirt of smooth-faced prune cloth in the fashionable shade. The skirt hung straight in front, but on each side an inverted V of the cloth was inserted, which fell in a large round fold. The skirt hung in straight organ-tube folds in the back, and about the bottom was a thick rope of the cloth edged with a fold of lavender velvet. The fitted bodice was of lavender miroir velvet, and covering it were scrolls of prune velvet appliqued upon the lavender. The choker and tiny revers on the front of the bodice were of a deep-green velvet and gave a *chic* and effective finish.

A modish black satin gown there caught my fancy. The skirt was cut to fall all about in organ-tube folds. Down the centre of each fold was a heavy line of changeable blue spangles. The bodice was a soft round *bébé* of the satin, with a yoke of rich Vandyke point ecru lace. Rows of the spangles were carried from choker to waist, passing between the points of the lace yoke. The sash and choker were of blue velvet—the pure *ciel*, which has formed such a conspicuous part of the young Czarina's trousseau.

The iridescent steel blue spangles and beads are very largely used. A dinner gown of black satin had a rich embroidery of them on the skirt and bodice. The scheme of color was carried out by plaited revers of peacock-blue velvet, starting from the waist and forming short butterfly sleeves on the shoulders. A black plush Princess gown is simply and effectively trimmed with wide sash ribbon of peacock blue. The decolletage is finished by a row of ribbon puffs, separated by clusters of tiny black ostrich plumes. Front and back, a box-plait of the sash ribbon starts from the shoulders, narrows at the waistline, where it is held by a cluster of larger tips, and falls almost to the hem of the skirt. The four sash ends are heavily embroidered in gold and jet.

Plushes are being extensively manufactured. Some of them show a moire or a stamped surface. Beautiful picture gowns can be made of these, but they are heavy and clumsy on many figures, and I do not think the popularity of velvet will be disturbed. A plush reception gown in a rich artistic shade of reddish brown had inverted V-shaped slashings on each side of the skirt, showing an underskirt of accordion-plaited salmon-pink chiffon. The elbow-sleeves were built of the plush. The top and bottom of the bodice were of flat Vandyke points of rich deep ivory lace; between was a soft blouse of the accordion-plaited chiffon.

A black chiffon evening frock that I saw lately was made with many ruffles elaborately trimmed with gold embroidery and tiny gold spangles. It was most effective, although I heard the dress condemned by more than one man present as being "theatrical." However, the excessive and elaborate trimmings that good taste seems to allow this season must often call forth that comment from the hypercritical of the sterner sex.

A gown the most fastidious would admire, I am sure, is a model shown by Felix, of a rough brown wool in a basket weave. The skirt hangs in two box-plaits on each side with a narrow panel between of darker brown velvet lightly stamped in a cobweb design. The velvet forms the entire bodice, with a box-plait of the wool passing over each shoulder.

A dressy black and white striped silk is prettily trimmed with lace and rose velvet. The skirt has a deep Spanish flounce of white lace headed with a narrow band of glossy black fur. On the left side, about at the knee, is a large smart bow of rose velvet. The bodice has the sleeves only of the striped silk. The rest is a soft blouse of white lace held by radiating strips of black fur. Over this is a short stole of rose velvet, edged with narrow white lace and perforated over a rose lining.

Bewildering teagowns, *peignoirs* and tea-jackets are shown by the milliners. Doucet displays a very fetching teagown of soft tan wool. The stuff hangs in large box-plaits from the choker and is slightly looped and caught, front and back, at the waistline with white silk frogs. There is a deep pointed collarette of heavy white lace, lightly embroidered with tiny gold beads, and a crush choker of cerise adds a bit of color. A loose tea-jacket of Nile green was covered with perforated and embroidered white silk mull. The loose sleeves were of deep-green velvet, edged with white cock's plumes, and lined with pale rose. These tea-jackets are often most elaborately embroidered in most fanciful designs. The popular fashion for teagowns is the Watteau, and the bright flowered silks are effectively used. The usual trimming is a collarette of lace, ribbon or fur. A dainty collarette has loose ends of rose velvet ribbon falling over the white lace, making a point front and back. The silk crepons are used, but they are no longer a novelty. A very pretty teagown of yellow crepon has the stuff gathered in a Watteau plait in the back. Over the loose fronts are tight jacket sides of beurre-colored lace embroidered in gold. Over the tops of the full sleeves are stiff wing-like epaulettes of deep orange velvet, covered with the gold-embroidered lace and edged with narrow bands of sable. A choker of the lace, held on each side by an orange velvet rosette and knot of sable, finishes this delightful costume.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

6260.—Ladies' Chiffon Waist.

6266.—Misses' Waist.

6271.—Girls' Russian Coat.

6275.—Ladies' Cape.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

THE publication of pattern coupons is commenced in this number of ONCE A WEEK, and arrangements have been made with the well-known Bazar Glove-fitting Pattern Co., by which exact patterns of desirable costumes can be supplied to any reader complying with the simple conditions expressed in the coupon published below. Full descriptions of the materials required and explicit directions how to use the patterns will be furnished with each one. The ordinary retail price of these carefully designed patterns is thirty cents, but a special arrangement has been made by which they will be supplied to all readers of ONCE A WEEK for the nominal price of ten cents, provided that amount be sent in with a coupon, the blank spaces being filled in according to directions. The advantages of this offer are sufficiently obvious. A saving of twenty cents is effected on each pattern which would otherwise be purchased in the ordinary way; and, moreover, the patterns published in ONCE A WEEK, being exclusively designed for the paper, will have the merit of absolute novelty. It will be possible *at any time* for readers to obtain patterns of *any costume* that will appear in the paper from this date. Subscribers are, therefore, advised to preserve back numbers for reference when required. Should any subscriber desire the pattern of a particular style of garment other than those published, a special design will be made on receipt of a request for such.

Four useful and beautiful costumes are presented with this number, any one of which may be made up at home by handy fingers. The LADIES' WORTH CAPE, 6275, is almost an indispensable item of a fashionable woman's wardrobe. The one shown is made of light-gray Astrakhan, but other materials may be used if preferred. The full godet folds are interlined with cotton padding, a handsome lining of changeable taffeta luxuriously finishing the inside. The godets are extended to form the stylish Medici collar, which is provided with an inside facing of the Astrakhan and extra interlining of hair or grass cloth to give the fashionable firmness. The closing is made invisible in the centre of the front by large hooks and eyes set between the lining and cloth.

This is one of the most stylish capes worn this season and is becoming to every one. It can be made in any color or style of Astrakhan, fancy plush cloakings, seal plush, Velour-du-nord, velvet, bouclé cloth, Irish frieze or the reversible rough and smooth finished cloakings. The mode will be found desirable for remodeling capes and long coats that are *passé*. Fur trimming is a fashionable and seasonable decoration for capes of this style.

Pattern 6275 is cut in six sizes—viz., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

The latest Paris mode in blouses shows a revival of box-plaits. An instance here given is the MISSES' WAIST, 6266.

Bluet cloth is here stylishly decorated with Vandyke points of cream guipure lace. A stock collar of velvet is added with charming effect. This is one style that since its first introduction has never gone out of fashion and is now more popular than ever. It is useful to wear wth any skirt in light or dark colors or black, strong contrasts being specially modish. The fronts and back are laid in three box-plaits and the closing is effected invisibly under the centre front plait. Huge puffs are stylishly arranged over linings that are faced to above the elbow, lace points forming cuffs at the wrists. The skirt can be worn over the basque portion of the waist if so preferred. A belt of velvet with a Rhinestone buckle is worn around the waist. Plain and fancy mixed cheviots, serge, hopsacking, homespun or any of the seasonable woolens will make up stylishly in this design.

Pattern 6266 is cut in three sizes—viz., 12, 14 and 16 years.

The GIRL'S RUSSIAN COAT, 6271, is of gray bourette cloth, the yoke and sleeve facings being of stone-colored velvet trimmed with Krimmer fur. It is cut in the Russian style with box-plaits on each side of the front and back, which meet at the shoulders, the closing being effected invisibly on the left side of the front under the plait. Under arm gores adjust the sides closely, the front and back being loose-fitting. The sleeves have full puffs, the velvet facings simulating deep cuffs trimmed with fur to match the rolling collar that fits the neck closely. This is a favorite style for little girls, and can be made up in any of the seasonable coatings or dress woolens, such as cheviot, serge, camel's-hair, vicuna or homespun, a warm interlining being added to give seasonable weight.

Pattern 6271 is cut in four sizes—viz., 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

LADIES' CHIFFON WAIST, 6260. The chiffon-veiled waist is the popular dress waist of the season, and is eligible for the most ceremonious occasions. Cream chiffon over a lining of buttercup-yellow satin forms the material of this charming bodice, the stock collar and belt being of yellow velvet to match. Swallow bows of the velvet are placed on the collar under each ear and on each side of the belt in front.

This mode presents the blouse effect which is in great favor at the present time, the arrangement being over a glove-fitted lining having the usual double darts, under arm, side back and back forms. The chiffon is without a seam on the shoulders, the shirring at the neck drawing it into position. The waist is intended to close in the centre back, but can be made to open in front if so preferred. The sleeves are voluminous puffs of the chiffon, draped over satin linings; they reach to the elbow, where they are met by the mousquetaire gloves. Many charming combinations can be effected by following this mode, black chiffon over bluet or cerise satin, with stock and belt of velvet to match, being especially handsome. Sleeves of velvet, satin, moire, crepon, or other material to match the skirt, often take the place of the chiffon sleeves, the skirt being in strong contrast to the colors of the waist. Mousseline de soie, crêpe de chine, grenadine, striped and changeable silks, taffeta, surah or Henrietta all make dressy waists in this design.

Pattern 6260 is cut in five sizes—viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

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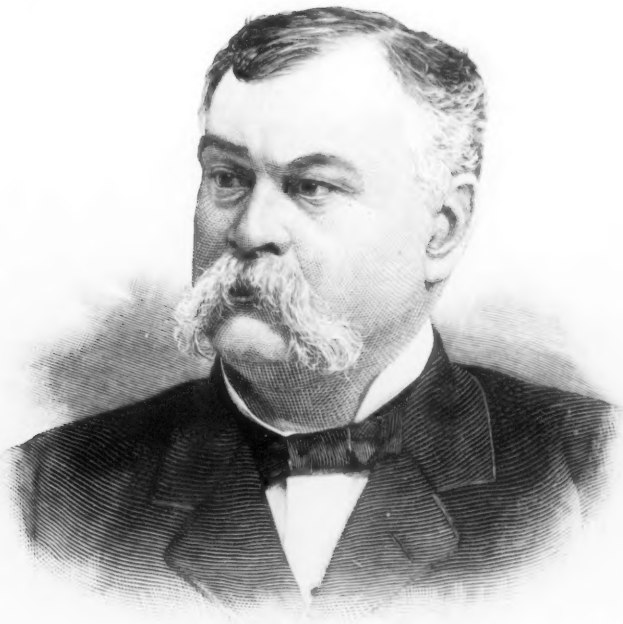

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OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—No. 3.

(See page 53.)

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

ON the life-road just beyond the five-and-twentieth milestone. A girlish figure, flexible and all grace. A womanly face, wistful, thoughtful, honestly beautiful, aglow with healthful young life, commanding yet loving, a face at once of a queen and of a wife.

Our so-called students of human nature peering into that face in search of the dollar-sign, discover only a soul. How disappointing! Why, here is the wife of an American multi-millionaire, a woman with the largest private fortune in the world at her command, yet her face is molded by Culture, Intellect, Heart, Womanly Qualities, and all that sort of thing, instead of by American millions. Ridiculous!

Thus philosophize one-half of the people in the world, who somehow seem to think that a woman having untold riches cannot have also feelings, ambitions, struggles, or a heart of oak.

In detail her face has every perfection of beauty. Hair of the brownish tint that artists love to paint; a complexion clear and fresh like a child's, such as will bear with safety either the sun or the electric light; eyebrows that slant and add piquancy to her face; a mouth and chin as sensitive as youth's, as dignified as a mother's should be a mouth too girl-like to be controlled, too womanly to pout; a face rather sad in repose, but brilliant in action—a face to inspire poets.

Uniformed gloriously in autumn fashions, she stood amid the crush of elegance where society was on dress parade. She chatted and gossiped, drank tea, listened to music and exchanged small talk, playing her part in the opening functions of the present social season. It was at the Academy of design, at the opening of the Loan Exhibition of Women's Portraits. And while fair women on the floor, with lorgnettes quite correctly held, stared at the pictures of fair women which lined the walls, the few men present bestowed their attention chiefly on the living. If art on the walls were beautiful, the mere flash of an eye when some fair critic recognized a friend was infinitely more so.

Outside, her footman, in purple livery, tucked away the great lady warmly in one corner of her victoria, and soon after, in the place she calls home, she joined her tall husband and their little boy, William Vincent Astor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

As that was the first day of November, All Saints' Day, Mrs. Astor on her way home may have stopped at Trinity Chapel, in Twenty-fifth Street, for service. That is where the Astor family worship every Sunday morning when in the city. They have always been connected with Trinity in work and money as well as in spirit, and probably will continue to help make the history of that famous and most aristocratic church till the very last of the family is laid away in the Astor vault out there beside the Boulevard in Trinity Cemetery.

The town home of Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, at the present writing, is an unpretentious house on the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. Mr. Astor has hired the house furnished, pending the completion of his new white marble palace on the corner of Sixty-fifth Street, a picture of which was shown in Once a Week some months back, and which will be ready for a house-warming within the next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Astor live in New York, however, during the "town season" only, coming in for the Horse Show, and remaining till after the end of the Opera. The summer months are spent at Newport, and the off-season, which, thank Heaven! is the longest season, is spent in their Rhinebeck place, Fernecliffe—for both Mr. and Mrs. Astor are fond of the truer, more wholesome life of the country. But of Fernecliffe later.

It was in a modestly furnished room, a sort of study, gymnasium and bedroom combined, in this house that Mr. Astor wrote his book, "A Journey in Other Worlds." Enough has been written about the author-millionaire since the appearance of that book, I believe, to convince us that he is a millionaire of independent spirit.

Yet he is still rather like a politician—bound to be misunderstood, purposely or otherwise, in one quarter or another. A millionaire nowadays soon learns that no matter what he does, his actions will surely be criticised both in his favor and against him. "By their fruits ye shall know them" evidently does not include millionaires. On the one hand, if the man of millions consorts promiscuously in an offhand way with the general public, he is said to be "posing"; on the other hand, if he holds aloof in quiet dignity, is quite unassuming, he is straightway pronounced "snobbish." Again, the millionaire spends only a part of his income—and he is "penurious," "stingy," "mean"; but let him live in princely grandeur, spending all he possibly can in lavish entertainment—and he is sneered at. Mr. Astor, though not more than four or five milestones ahead of his wife on the life-road, has learned the value of thinking, acting and living independently, and as his habits and inclinations dictate.

With an income of seven million dollars a year, he is probably the richest landlord, the richest private individual in the world, and since his brother William Waldorf has gone over to John Bull, young John Jacob is the real head of the house of Astor.

For these two reasons alone he is necessarily a worker. He has no fondness for business, preferring his literary and scientific studies; but he never shirks the work he has to do. He has an army of assistants to manage the estates, and he might be called the chief clerk of his own establishment. Socially his position need not be demonstrated. He does not live in state, as he might if he chose, for such a mode of life he knows would only be jeered at, yet he never hesitates to spend money for that which will contribute to the happiness and pleasure of himself and his family.

He gives becomingly in charities when required, but he does not undertake enough benevolence to make life intolerable. To him the platitude that money has no value is rubbish. He knows that the greatest happiness is freedom—freedom to act according to his intellect and conscience, and he appreciates that freedom sincerely.

We can deduce these facts from Mr. Astor's acts and utterances as recorded in the daily press; but in the meanwhile little or nothing is known of his beautiful wife. As a man of great wealth seems somehow to be public property, so does everything connected with him become a target for the public searchlight. Aside from this, the excuse for the present writing lies in the fact that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, leaving out the fact of her wealth, is a person whose beauty, mind, accomplishments and social tact make her a credit to American "aristocracy," and therefore exceedingly interesting as a study of American womanhood.

She was a bride and is a wife and mother of whom the head of the house of Astor might well be proud. She surrendered to "Jack" Astor a name that is old and honorable in the land, and united her high social position to his wealth. For that matter, she was wealthy, too, and in the marriage of Miss Alva Willing, of Philadelphia, to Mr. John Jacob Astor gold married gold. She was the belle of the Quaker City—the second belle of that place to surrender at Hymen's altar to an Astor.

Her family is one which helped make the history of Pennsylvania. The Willings made their start in this country before the Revolutionary War; but the first Astor, as everybody knows, did not start in his fur trading venture till the beginning of this century. The town of Wilmington, Del., was founded by Thomas Willing, and was first called Willington. The women of the family have always been noted for their beauty, some of them having married into titled English families, and one is now the wife of a member of the great family of Barings.

Miss Willing was given every advantage of education and travel, unconsciously fitting herself to adorn her present position of Queen of New York society. She made her first appearance in Newport in 1889. "Jack" Astor was there that summer—wild Jack Astor, as he was sometimes called, though this seems to have been only a pet name bestowed upon him by fond mammas. He had left Harvard only a few years before. He was frequently in the company of Miss Willing—they met always at the same round of social bouts—and by the end of the season he was her devoted admirer. In February of '91 they were married in the Willing mansion in Philadelphia, and though this is no fairy tale, they have lived happily ever since.

Soon after their marriage, William Astor, John Jacob's father, died, and there has been ever since one misfortune after another to keep the family in mourning and to keep Mrs. John Jacob Astor from formally appearing or rather leading, in society. Within the last year, however, Death turned elsewhere, and during the summer just passed Mrs. Astor threw off the mantle of mourning and entertained as she knows how to entertain at Newport and at Fernecliffe.

The Astor country seat, as intimated, has been the scene of young Mrs. Astor's principal social achievements thus far. Fernecliffe comprises a rolling mile-square of land, dipping into the Hudson about a mile north of Rhinebeck. The stone house, on an eminence near the river bank, was built about forty years ago—not old enough to be called "colonial," not new enough to be modern, but justly entitled to the term "good old-fashioned." It can put up half a hundred guests for a week at a time, and no one need sleep on the billiard-table either.

On this place is every facility for the entertainment of guests, and everything with which to have a good time. And why not? Nothing need be wanted because it can't be bought. There is every sort of a carriage to ride in, and a hundred horses in the barns to drive or to ride. There is a big boathouse with three electric yachts and a sailing yacht. There are perhaps fifty bicycles on the place, and the roads in the park are always in good condition for bicycle riding. Good roads is one of Mr. Astor's hobbies. There are greenhouses containing among the usual things some choice grapes and the finest American Beauty roses in the country. The raising of these roses is another of Mr. Astor's weaknesses.

If Mrs. Astor has any fad it is outdoor sports—a fad quite natural to one reared among the spacious lawns of Philadelphia's suburban homes. So Mrs. Astor may be said to have the athletic fever. She rides horses—this probably being her favorite sport. Then she rides the bicycle, going often for an early morning spin over the fine roads of the park with her husband. And what is rather amusing, Mr. Astor often rides with her thus without his hat. He seems to love to go hatless. Perhaps it is that periodical desire to be savage which exists in one form or another in all of us, rich and poor. Anyway, Mr Astor not only often rides his bicycle bareheaded, but he has been seen riding hatless by Mrs. Astor's side in their victoria, and even when sailing up the river, steering his yacht, as he always does when aboard, he has been seen with his locks blowing free in the wind. And yet "colds" glance off Mr. Astor like a bullet off steel.

In the house, however—and this is quite curious—Mr. Astor has hats scattered everywhere. In the main entrance hall there were one day recently no less than seven cloth caps of different sorts lying round, and on a chair in his room there were nine straw hats, actual count.

Returning to Mrs. Astor's fancies, another of her favorite sports is shooting. There is a big steel target at the foot of the lawn near the house, bearing many marks, close up to the bull's eye, of Mrs. Astor's shooting with rifle and revolver. Besides, there is a clay-pigeon trap, and more than once milady has been seen to bring down nineteen clay pigeons out of twenty. Then she plays golf—there are fine golf links near the house—and of course she is a good tennis player; there are two tennis courts at the bottom of the lawn and another at the top of the house. As for sailing-boats, Mr. Astor always looks on with pride when his wife holds the tiller.

No hostess was ever more attentive to her guests comfort than is Mrs. Astor. In her manner of entertainment, too, she has introduced a feature or two quite new to New York society. She follows to some extent the organized methods of amusement common to house parties in England. Every morning a maid brings to each guest's room a note in the dainty handwriting of either Mrs. Astor or of one of her lieutenants, setting forth the programme for the day, somewhat in this way:

"My Dear Miss A.—

"We have arranged a riding party for this morning at eleven, with breakfast at twelve. This afternoon there will be a golf game. Dinner this evening will be informal. Later there will be a cotillon led by Miss B. and Mr. C., at which and at all the other engagements for the day we hope to have your company, if you can make your plans to correspond."

A reply is expected, so that Mrs. Astor may know early in the day just how many guests she must provide for in the various festivities. As there are sometimes fifty guests it is obvious there is no small amount of work in this systematized method of amusement. But wherever Mrs. Astor is hostess there can be no dullness. Her cheeriness and uniform good-nature have made her road to success a pleasant one, and what is more, her good sense has made her popular even with the women of her set.

Any woman of so much social tact could not very well ignore the gentler amusements that take place indoors. Of course Mrs. Astor can take a hand at whist as well as at billards or bowling; she can make the piano and other musical instruments speak as they should; she dances with the vigor of youth and health, and she converses knowingly about the various schools of art and literature, and has her own preferences, too. She has all the books of the day sent to her direct from the press, and what is well worth mentioning, she reads them—reads many of them before the magazine reviews appear. She has even read Mr. Astor's book, conscientiously.

It must not be forgotten that she is a mother—the mother of the future heir of the house of Astor, the heir-presumptive to the Astor millions. Master William Vincent Astor, with more than two years of life to his credit, is a healthful, chubby little fellow, the darling of his mother, the pride of his father. Let no one assume that Mrs. Astor is among those wealthy mothers who leave their children entirely to the mercy of the nurse, for Mrs. Astor is as thoroughly a mother as she is devotedly a wife.

No visitor must leave Fernecliffe without a glimpse of the owner's latest hobby—the hackney horse. Of these beasts of style, with their high action, arched neck, glistening sides and elegant manes and tails, these dude horses, Mr. Astor has a stable full, the stars being Confidence Shot, worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and Typhoon, worth fifty thousand dollars.

The raising of trotters at Fernecliffe has been entirely superseded by the raising of hackneys. Outside of Mr. Astor's place there is but one breeding spot in this country for hackneys solely—that of Dr. Seward Webb at Shelburne Falls, Vt. During the winter months, while the owner of Fernecliffe is in New York, the place is in charge of Mr. Astor's cousin, Mr. Armstrong, a most courtly and sincerely kind gentleman of the old school.

If there is any doubt as to John Jacob Astor's popularity in Rhinebeck, just ask the village boys. For years it has been the practice of Mr. Astor to pay for the boys' fun on the evening of Election Day. Sometime ago he presented them with a big brass cannon to celebrate the day in a fitting manner. Accordingly, the boys organized a gun squad on Election Day and made appropriate use of their "piece." It seems, however, that the concussion of the gun when fired is so great that it causes considerable damage in the village in the way of broken glass. When Mr. Astor was told of this on the election just passed, he sent a message to the boys to never mind, fire away—he would pay all damages. So they fired away, and broke more than half the window-panes in the village of Rhinebeck. But Mr. Astor kept his promise.

There was a slight fire at Fernecliffe one day during the summer. Of course every one for miles around was soon on the spot and acting as a fire company. And the next morning every mother's son of them was summoned to Fernecliffe and each received a check for fifty dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Astor have been little seen in society for a number of seasons past owing to a succession of deaths in the family. It was their intention this winter to emerge from their seclusion and to participate in the usual round of gayeties which make up the social life of the fashionable set in New York. They were present at the opening of the Portrait Exhibition, which was also the opening of the season; attended the Horse Show daily, Mr. Astor being deeply interested in the hackneys, and as delighted as a schoolboy when his own stock captured the blue ribbon; they have regularly occupied their box at the Opera since the opening night, and receptions, teas, dinners and dances have pretty well filled up the intervening hours during the past two months. Now, however, the announcement of the death of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor at Cliveden has once more thrown the Astor family into mourning and deprived society for another season of the pleasure and prestige which the presence of Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor lends to any social function. In any event, the Astors themselves could not have entertained this season, at least not on any extended scale. Their temporary home is not large enough, and Mrs. William Astor's house, next to the Hotel Waldorf, is dismantled preparatory to tearing it down to make room for still another Astor hotel. Meanwhile the new palace corner of Sixty-fifth Street is nearing completion, and next season—well! just see how society will be entertained next season by Mrs. John Jacob Astor.—(See pages 1 and 4.)

Gilson Willets.

NOVEMBER TWILIGHT.

Where the old and new years meet,
In the wood that rocks and grieves
There is sound of sullen feet
Driving through the fallen leaves.

And the whirling wind invades
All the hillsides bleak and high,
Through the lonely forest glades,
Moving with a bitter cry.

Overhead the clouds are rolled
In long furrows blue and chill,
Yonder, lo! a thread of gold
Gleams upon the western hill.

Slowly comes the autumnal night
And the bleak winds moan afar;
In your widening strip of light
Westward dawns a single star.

—Archibald Lampman.

Headache caused by worry or stomach
Trouble speedily cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

BY "A BLUE APRON."

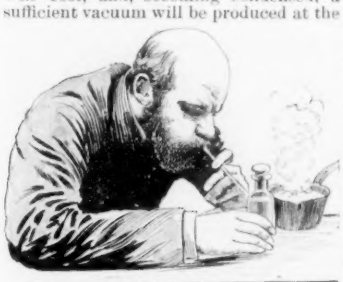
ALMOND ORANGE CAKE.—Seven ounces each of chopped sweet almonds and fine castor sugar, an ounce of candied orange-peel, chopped small, the grated peel of half a fresh orange, a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of fine flour, the same weight of rice-flour or potato-flour (but not ground rice), some orange marmalade and yolks of eggs. First blend the almonds and sugar with the white of an egg and add the other materials, using enough yolks of eggs to make paste that can be rolled out on a board. The mass should look like rich shortbread. Cut in rounds of four inches in diameter and half an inch thick and bake in a very slow oven. Before serving spread marmalade over them and sprinkle them with chopped almonds previously baked to a golden brown. These cakes are simply delicious.

A YORKSHIRE WELSH RAREBIT.—Cut some best quality American cheese into small squares and put them into a sautéing pan with half a gill of beer and a pinch of red pepper. Place the pan on a hot fire and whisk the mixture well until the cheese is melted. Lay on a serving dish two slices of toasted bread, each three and a half inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick; cut them slanting into four parts so as to obtain four triangles; then lay them together again to form the original square and pour over the melted cheese; on each of the triangles place a poached egg and a slice of bacon.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A WATER-HAMMER.

TAKE a flask with an emery stopper, fill it three-quarters full of water and set it, uncorked, in a bain-marie or deep pan containing salt water, which place on the fire. When the salt water boils it will raise the water in the flask to the boiling-point also. As soon as the steam rising from the latter has driven out nearly all the air it contained, put in the stopper, remove the bottle from the bain-marie, and to prevent the outer air from penetrating into it seal the cork with sealing-wax. Presently the vapor which floated above the level of the water in the bottle will cool, and, becoming condensed, a sufficient vacuum will be produced at the



top to serve for carrying out the experiment known as the Water-Hammer. Invert the bottle gently, then turn it back again to its original position. You will observe that each time the water falls to the bottom as if it were a solid mass, at the same time producing a noise similar to that caused by an iron hammer. The shock is sometimes of such force that it breaks the flask. The explanation is that the water is no longer composed of isolated drops as it would be in the open air, and it therefore acts like a solid body. With the same apparatus, a second experiment can be performed—namely, that of *making the water in the bottle boil by blowing on the flask*. To do so, first let the water boil up again as in the previous case, but this time without removing the cork. Now take the flask out of the water and set it aside to cool. When it is just about tepid, hold a piece of ice close to the top of the flask and the water will again boil up. The same result can be produced by pouring a little cold water over the bottle, or simply (as shown in the illustration) by blowing on it through a straw, at the height of the water's level. The cold condenses the vapors formed by ebullition, causing a vacuum, and as the temperature required to make water boil varies with the pressure to which it is subjected, it follows that the more perfect the vacuum the lower will be the temperature at which the water will boil.

CHESS.

THIS week the crack chess players of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia Colleges are playing at the Harvard School, New York, in the intercollegiate tournament.

The Metropolitan Chess League, newly organized this winter, will commence its first annual competition on January 8, when the New York City Club will meet Newark. On January 10 the Manhattan Club will play Brooklyn, and on January 12 Staten Island will play the Metropolitan. Other team matches will follow.

Showalter's match with Albin stands at 8 to 6 in favor of the former. The last three games have been drawn. Mrs. Showalter has been compelled by illness to postpone the completion of her championship match with Mrs. Worrall.

A recent analysis of a thousand games shows over forty-six per cent won by the first player, over thirty-six won by the second player, and seventeen per cent drawn, demonstrating that "the advantage of the first move" is a very palpable one. It is interesting to note that one game in six resulted in a draw.

Mr. Charles Nugent, of the New York City Club, whose No. 3 caused a few of our readers some restless moments, sends us another clever and original problem.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

The following pretty little game was played recently between Mrs. Showalter, wife of the champion of the United States, and Mr. Louis Schmidt. While the game was not in any sense a match game, and occupied less than an hour, it contains many interesting situations, and illustrates the cleverness of the lady player against an opponent of more than ordinary ability.

WHITE. (Mrs. Showalter.)	BLACK. (Mr. Schmidt.)	WHITE. (Mrs. Showalter.)	BLACK. (Mr. Schmidt.)
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	15 B-R 2 (h)	R-Q Kt
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	16 P-K Kt 4 (i)	Kt-Q 5
3 P-Q 4	P x P	17 Kt x Kt	B x Kt
4 Kt x P	Kt-B 3 (a)	18 P-B 3	B-Kt 3 (j)
5 Kt x Kt	Kt P x Kt	19 P-K 6 (k)	Q B 3
6 B-Q 3	P-Q 4	20 Q R-K	Q-Kt 3 (l)
7 P-K 5 (b)	Kt-Kt 5	21 B-K 5 (ch)	K-R 2 (m)
8 B-K B 4 (c)	B-Q B 4	22 P-K 7	R-K (n)
9 Castles	Castles (d)	23 B-B 6 (o)	B-R 3
10 P-K R 3	P-Kt 4 (e)	24 B-Kt	P-Q 5
11 B-Kt 3	Kt-R 3	25 P x P (p)	B x R
12 K-R 5	K-Kt 2	26 B x P (q)	Q x B (r)
13 Kt-Q 2	Kt-B 4 (f)	27 Q x B P (ch)	K-R
14 Kt-B 3 (g)	P-K R 3	28 B-B 6 mate.	

NOTES.

(a) Introduced by the late Dr. Zukertort, and regarded as the best defense to the Scotch.

(b) Better perhaps Q-K 2.

(c) The best move. If castles black gets a fine attack by B-Q B 4.

(d) Black castles too soon.

(e) Black would have done better to have sacrificed the Kt.

(f) B-B 4 was necessary here. If then Kt-B 3, B x B; 15 P x B, Kt-B 4, and black has a good game.

(g) Black's hands are tied on account of the threatened mate.

(h) The bishop plays an important part later.

(i) Boldly shutting the white queen in a position of danger, but sound and beautiful play nevertheless.

(j) A fatal error. The bishop should have gone to B 4.

(k) Excellent chess. If black capture with the P he is mated in two, if with B in three moves, having useless sacrifices.

(l) The only resource, but an excellent one.

(m) An odd situation. The only safety for the queen is to move the king into a position of "pin."

(n) If Q x B, 23 Q x P ch, K x Q; 24 P x R, queening check, K moves 25 Q mates.

(o) The climax of a series of elegant coups.

(p) Unless white takes the pawn, P-Q 6 cuts off the B.

(q) Inevitable, but pretty.

(r) There is nothing left for black but suicide in this distressing situation.

PROBLEM No. 9.—By CHAS. NUGENT, New York.

BLACK (five pieces).

WHITE (six pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 6.—By F. MASCULL.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B-K 5	K x B
2 Q x P (K 6)	K-Q 3 or Q 4
3 Q-B 5 (mate)	
	if 2 K-B 3 or B 4
3 Q-Kt 5 (mate).	

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chess Amateur, Saginaw, Mich.—Solution of No. 6 correct. As you say, "a neat, though easy, problem."

H. A. Galloway, Vinita, I. T.—Solution of No. 6 correct. "A very neat problem."

H. Cook, Chicago.—Solution of No. 6 correct. What do you think of No. 9?

C. L. Buschmann, Indianapolis.—If Q x P, K moves to Kt 5, and solution fails. Try again.

Readers are invited to solve and criticise Problems published in ONCE A WEEK. Two weeks will be allowed to pass between the publication of a Problem and its Solution.

THE CZAR'S OLD NURSE.

A TOUCHING STORY OF ALEXANDER III.'S DEVOTION TO HER.

A STORY which illustrates the good side of the character of the late Czar of Russia has recently been made public by an English member of the Society of Friends, who went to Russia some time ago to plead the cause of the Stundists, the sect so steadfastly persecuted by the Greek Church.

The day before Alexander III. was born an English nurse entered the service of the Imperial family. In the palace she was always known as "Kitty."

A God-fearing woman, she exercised a powerful influence on the children under her care, and they returned that care with unbounded love and respect.

In her old age the Czar allotted her apartments in what answers in Russia to the English Hampton Court—the Winter Palace—for since the death of Alexander II. it is no longer used as an Imperial residence, though it still serves for some of the State ceremonies. Here rooms, a carriage, servants and everything that thought could devise, made the old nurse's declining days easy. The walls of her room were crowded with birthday and other presents from every member of the great family she had so faithfully served; and in these surroundings, rather less than two years ago, the time came for Kitty to die.

Again and again the Emperor would come and sit by her bedside to read her a chapter out of the English Bible that she had so often read from to him when he was a little child; for to her early endeavors he owed the strengthening of whatever was good and gentle in him, and he repaid her with almost the affection of a son to his mother.

The last time he came to see her the old nurse was past consciousness, and failed to give him her usual smile of recognition. Alexander bent down over the dying face, and asked tenderly if she did not know him? But Kitty never spoke again; her life's work was done.

The morning of the funeral found the Emperor and some other members of the family in the room, with the British chaplain of Petersburg, and the undertakers. As the moment came for putting the body into the coffin, the men stepped forward to do so; but the Czar motioned them back. "No; no one shall touch her but ourselves," he said; and then, beckoning to his brother, Grand Duke Sergius took the feet, and he lifted the head, and they gently laid the remains in the coffin.

It was a miserable winter day; but Alexander III. followed that coffin for two miles from the Winter Palace, through the streets of Petersburg to the cemetery beyond the Neva, to see his old English nurse laid in the grave.

Who will not feel that such a man had a true and noble heart? and who will refuse him, now that it is

"The darkened heart that beats no more,"

a tear of sympathy?

All the members of the Imperial family speak English as well as Russian. The late Grand Duke Nicholas, who led the army of deliverance into Bulgaria, told an American that English was the first language he ever spoke; and that he had spoken it for a year before he knew more than a few words of Russian.

HOW TO TREAT OUR VETERANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

In your issue of Nov. 29 I noticed the interesting account, "How We Treat Our Veterans," and what you say concerning their treatment, etc. Thanks for it.

Remedy: Let the Government issue Coupon Pension Certificates, the coupons payable monthly by any one willing to receive them, after requiring, as now, the identification of the pensioner.

Yours respectfully,
D. B. LOVEJOY.

Evansville, Rock County, Wis.

"Aren't you afraid that statue will shrink if it be left out in the rain?" asked the cheerful idiot.

"Shrink," said his host. "What an idea!"

"I didn't know, you know. I thought it might become a statue wet."

Johnny—"Mamma, my toes are not as hard as leather, are they?"

Mamma—"No, Johnny."

Johnny—"Then, mamma, how do they wear themselves through my shoes?"

All things will come to him who waits;
But here's a rule that's slicker:
The man who goes for what he wants
Will get them all the quicker.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game-y fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

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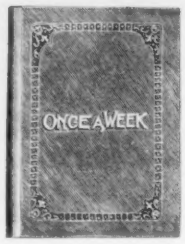

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